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Summer, 1975

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SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

The Journal of
Professional Adventurers

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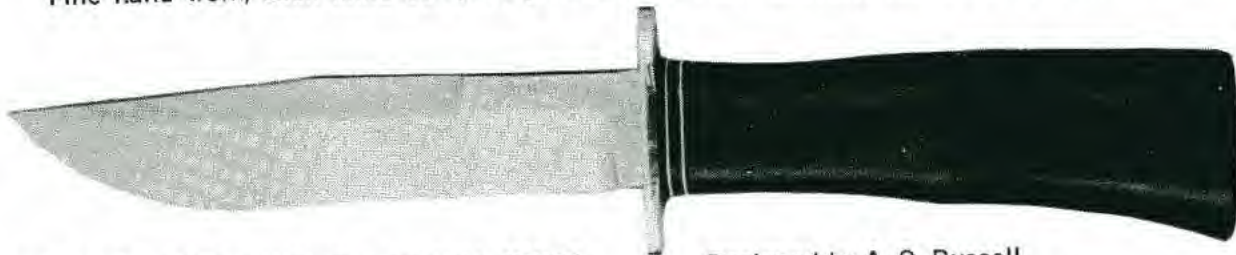
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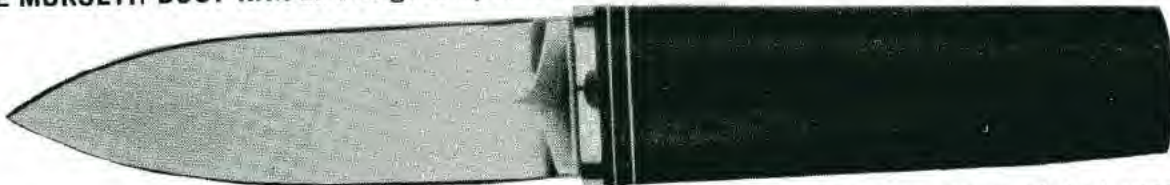
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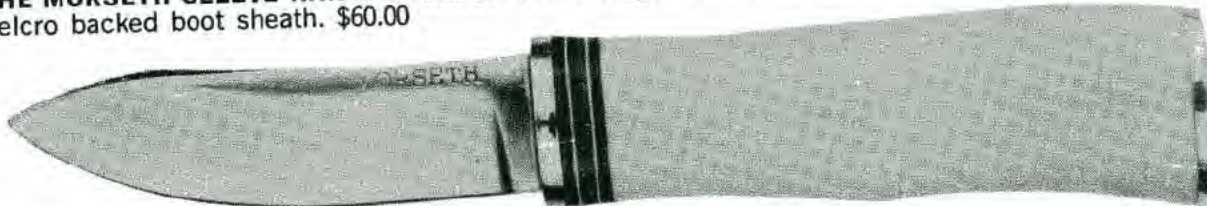
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Memo From The Publisher . . .

The betrayal of Indochina to the Communists is one of the blackest marks on the history of our country. The failure of the liberals and the 94th Congress—aided and abetted by the news media—to live up to the Paris Peace Accords, which were crammed down the throats of the South Vietnamese, was a vile and reprehensible act. And now, where are the strident cries of concern of the Abzugs, Kennedys and McGovern, as predictions of the 'doomsayers' come true?

Reports of brutal, mass executions and forced starvation in Cambodia, summary executions of newly-formed 'Peoples' Courts' in Vietnam, are ignored by those who demanded our withdrawal from Vietnam. And the 'pooh-poohed' Domino Theory, rejected out-of-hand by the 'peace' movement, is being

proven correct, as Laos falls and Thailand and Malaysia report significant increases in insurgent activity.

The Ford administration's timid policy in regards to evacuating South Vietnamese refugees is equally sickening. We have yet to see a satisfactory explanation from the White House, as to why 40,000 refugees were summarily deserted on Phu Quoc Island, after a significant portion had been transported there by the U. S. Navy. Nor has there been any explanation as to why the U. S. Navy could not have maintained patrols outside the 12-mile limit, to rescue any Vietnamese who were able to slip through by small craft. A craven performance, if there ever was one.

And now, some comments on SOLDIER OF FORTUNE—It's been a learning experience, to say the least. How-

ever, we've put together an SOP, and anticipate no difficulty in appearing on time in the future.

Our next issue will carry *German Snipers: The Men and their Weapons*; *Paramedics Jump into Honduras*; four articles on combat pistol shooting, including reports on Dale Miller's and Dutch Snow's "Southwest International Police Combat Matches," Richard Davis' "Second Chance Combat Pistol Matches," and Jeff Cooper's Combat Pistol School; two articles on special purpose weapons, an update on the Rhodesian situation and a section on the Middle East.

Our Adventure Quartermaster Center, evaluating weapons and survival gear, along with our Adventure Library, will be included in our Fall issue. Also, a Flak column will carry letters and comments from our readers. We can't promise individual replies, but you can be assured that I will personally read all letters. Let's hear from you!

Bulletin Board . . .

JEFF COOPER MOVED BASE OF OPERATIONS TO GUNSITE, ARIZONA, WHERE HE IS ESTABLISHING A COMBAT PISTOL RANGE . . . WRITE c/o BOX 401, CAULDEN, AZ 86334 . . . COOPER IS ATTENDING THE SCHWEIZ COMBAT CLUB'S INTERNATIONAL COMBAT PISTOL COMPETITION IN SWITZERLAND . . . Lee Jurras can now be reached c/o Box 846, Roswell, NM 88201 . . . Jurras and Brown will be hunting elk this fall . . . with Auto Mags, of course . . . SPOOKS AND EX-SPOOKS WILL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THERE IS NOW A NATIONAL MILITARY INTELLIGENCE ASSOCIATION . . . OPEN TO ANYONE WITH A "BONAFIDE INTEREST" IN MI . . . CONTACT NMIA, BOX 518, SIERRA VISTA, AZ 85635 . . . Attn: ex-Green Berets . . . Join the Special Forces Decade Association . . . Box 657, Fayetteville, NC 28302 . . . OVERALL WINNER OF DALE MILLER'S "SOUTHWEST INVITATIONAL POLICE COMBAT MATCHES" WAS GARY FOUNTAIN OF THE ARIZONA DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY . . . THE AZ DPS ALSO TOOK 1st PLACE TEAM HONORS . . . CONGRATULATIONS TO DALE MILLER AND DUTCH SNOW, FOR AN EXCELLENT MATCH . . . WRITE MILLER COMBAT MATCHES, BOX 123, POMERENE, AZ 85627, FOR INFORMATION ON SEPTEMBER 6th DAY-NIGHT/ASSAULT COURSE . . . Michigan Fire Rescue Equipment, 148 No. Groesbeck Highway, Mt. Clemens, MI 48043 will be marketing a new 'four-plex' pistol slug that separates into four 52 grain projectiles . . . \$2.70 for six . . . only sold to law enforcement agencies . . . more info in subsequent issue. S F CPT. JOHN DONAVAN, OWNER OF "DONO-

VAN'S DYNAMITING," WILL DROP A 1100 FOOT BRIDGE AT THE INTERSECTION OF INTERSTATE 70 AND THE KASKASKIA RIVER, NEAR VANDALIA, ILLINOIS . . . ALL EX-SFERS INVITED TO THE BLAST . . . CONTACT SOF FOR FURTHER INFO . . .

Richard Davis, inventor of 2nd Chance body armor, will be authoring a column entitled "Shots Fired" . . . will deal with comprehensive description of police shoot outs . . . starts next issue . . .

MEL TAPPAN, AUTHOR OF SURVIVAL GUNS AND AUTHORITY IN THE RAPIDLY GROWING FIELD OF PERSONAL SURVIVAL, HAS COME ABOARD AS OUR SURVIVAL EDITOR . . .

Assignments in Saudi Arabia for C-130 and C-140 aircraft maintenance personnel available with Lockheed Aircraft International, Box 33, Ontario, CA 91761. Petroleum Helicopters, Inc., Box T, Lafayette, LA 70501 hires five to ten chopper pilots each month for operations in Latin America, Middle East and Gulf of Mexico . . .

The Border Patrol is looking for Vietnam veterans who would like an outdoor life in the law enforcement field. Border Patrol agents are assigned along international boundaries and coastal areas, to prevent smuggling and illegal entry into the U.S.

Applicants must be 21 years old, be U.S. citizens, pass a written exam, oral test and a rigid medical examination. A five point and 10 point preference is given, for veterans and those who speak fluent Spanish respectively. Out of 100 applicants, 10 are selected for oral interviews and five of these are appointed to the Border Patrol Academy. Of the 200 individuals selected, approximately 80% are graduated. The program of induction includes the history and mission of

the Immigration and Naturalization Services, immigration and naturalization law, Spanish, physical training and marksmanship.

The Academy, located at Las Fresnos, Texas, lasts four months. Since an agent's first assignment is on the 2,000 mile U.S. Mexican border, applicants must be able to learn, or already speak and read Spanish.

Agents begin their initial service with a salary of \$10,520 and earn \$12,167 in three years. Exceptional agents can work their way into supervisory and executive positions in the Border Patrol or other activities of the service.

Application may be made at Federal Job Information Centers or some post offices. To expedite a request, the applicant may inform the person assisting him that he is applying for examination as a "Border Patrol Agent," as outlined in Civil Service Commission announcement DS-4-1. Applicants may also write directly to: U.S. Civil Service Commission, San Antonio Area Office, 643 E. Durango, Hemisfair Plaza, San Antonio, Texas 78205.

Prior to going to press, we finally prevailed on our source to identify the two CIA agents mentioned earlier in the article. The first was John Barfield, who operated under the cover of a "political officer" with the U.S. embassy. The second was Henry Dearborne, who conducted his machinations under the cover of the U.S. Consul General of Ciudad Trujillo. According to the author, each of the captured conspirators identified both Barfield and Dearborne as the instigators of the assassination plot. "Without them and their guarantee of U.S. support," Ramon emphasized, "the plotters would never have made their move."

SOLDIER of FORTUNE

The Journal of Professional Adventurers

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REVIEWS

The Plumber's Kitchen: The Secret Story of American Spy Weapons, by Donald B. McLean, Normount Technical Publications, P.O. Drawer N-2, Wickenburg, AZ 85358, \$12.95, 8½" x 11", 282 pp., 132 photographs and illustrations.

There has always been a gaping hole in weapons' history, that of clandestine weapons, and this very thoroughly researched and well-illustrated volume goes a long way toward filling the void. The reviewer has read virtually all the works printed in the English language during the 20th century on the subject of weapons, but this fresh volume held a surprise or revelation on nearly every page. Primarily a history of what-when-why and by-whom of the special weapons developed for the secret Office of Strategic Services (and largely still in use by the C.I.A.), this book presents technical and historical data in a very palatable combination; the hard tech data is there for the advanced ordnance enthusiast, but presented in a non-technical narrative form for the historian and casual reader.

As the author points out, the technological advances of the past few decades have changed the arts of espionage and intelligence into a peculiar sort of subsistence, equipped with its special, and heretofore secret weapons, tools and devices.

In what amounts to a research coup, the author categorically delineates nearly 60 research projects, and the secret weapons which sprang from these projects to the hands of spies and agents in the field. These weapons were a mixed bag, from little black boxes, time bombs, clandestine radio gear, disguised munitions, a wide array of explosive devices (to blast a train, plane, man or installation), to intelligence gathering and transmitting devices, poisons, pen guns and plastic explosives — including one with which an agent can bake biscuits or blow up a bridge. Silent weapons, spring weapons, sabotage weapons, special weapons and sneaky weapons, all presented in an interesting historical narrative which is a must for every weapons' library.

All the standard texts have exhibited a dearth of material in this area, and the author is to be commended for the

massive and obviously difficult research which provides good solid data in a field which has been prefactorily ignored by authors not willing to do the homework.

The Zambezi Salient: Conflict in Southern Africa, by Al J. Venter, Devin-Adair, Old Greenwich, CT 06870, \$12.50, 5½" x 8½", 400 pp.

Venter, a member of the editorial staff of **SOLDIER OF FORTUNE** and veteran African war correspondent, evaluates the ideals and capabilities of the black African revolutionaries, whether he be conducting terrorist raids into northeast Rhodesia or intent on laying death-dealing landmines in the Caprivi Strip.

A lucid picture is presented of how the Communist world — China, Russia, Cuba and Algeria — support the revolutionaries with weapons and training, as the conflict gives every indication of expanding into a gigantic race war.

In researching this revealing, timely book, Venter visited Rhodesia and Zambia twice, Mozambique three times and even ventured into East Africa for a first-hand look at the conditions which relate to the growing conflagration along the borders of Southern Africa.

Venter is a correspondent for the **Daily & Sunday Express** (London), **NBC** (New York), **International Defense Review** (Geneva), and **Intelligence Digest** (United Kingdom).

A must for those interested in an area of the world that is likely to witness a major conflict in the near future.

Glory No More, by Mike Wales, Dakar Publishing, 92 Belpre Place West, Westerville, Ohio 43081, \$8.95, 5½" x 8½", 268 pp.

Few have better credentials for a "soldier of fortune" than Ed Arthur. Some men attract danger and excitement like a magnet. Arthur is one of these. Born in Columbus, Ohio, Ed Arthur has been a soldier most of his life. When he was only thirteen, he got into the Ohio National Guard. At

fifteen, he joined the regular Army but was discharged when his age was discovered.

He served the Cuban exiles in Florida as a gun runner, organizer and guerilla fighter. When the Vietnam conflict threatened he reenlisted in the Army and put in for combat duty in Southeast Asia. He was seriously wounded when his helicopter was shot down in the Central Highlands, where he served with the famed First Cavalry Division. After his wounds healed he became an instructor at the famed Reconnaissance Commando (Recondo) School at Fort Carson, Colorado. Since his discharge he has served with distinction first as deputy and then undersheriff in Teller County, Colorado.

Arthur matched wits with the Ton Ton Macautes, the assassination brigade of Haitian Dictator Francois Duvalier in 1963, to spirit Clement Benoit, former Counsel General, out of Nassau to the safety of the United States.

Thrust into the limelight by this activity, Arthur was approached by a group which offered him \$90,000 to assassinate Castro. He turned his back on the entire scheme, believing it to have been concocted by the Mafia, which had its own score to settle with Castro.

Disillusioned by Castro's Russian commitment, Arthur threw in with the Cuban exiles, where he met Frank Fiorini, alias Frank Sturgis, of Watergate break-in fame.

A fascinating adventure story, **Glory No More** takes you behind the scenes in a well-documented story of CIA, FBI and other underground activities as one man actually lived it.

The Holy War by James A. Thomas, Arlington House, New Rochelle, New York, \$8.95, 9" x 6½", 212 pp.

Written by Dr. James A. Thomas, a philosophy professor and Vietnam vet, who considers his Combat Infantryman Badge of greater value than his Ph.D., **Holy War** explains how we lost in Korea and Vietnam without suffering defeat. A freshening, though disturbing analysis of American military and foreign policy since World War II. Dr. Thomas presents a comprehensive analysis of the growth of the Green Berets, and how JFK planned to use them in his effort to contain communism, of the problems resulting from the inability of conventional military men to understand the requirements of successfully fighting a guerilla war.



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About The Author

David Steele holds a master's degree in Police Science. He has served as rifle and pistol instructor for the National Rifle Assoc., and as supervisor for the Police Weapons Center Project at the International Assoc. of Chiefs of Police. Steele, an accomplished fencer, has written several books on small arms.

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REVIEWS

The Wild Geese: The Irish Soldier in Exile, by Maurice N. Hennessy, Devin-Adair, Old Greenwich, CT 06870, \$9.95, 5½" x 8½", 228 pp.

No other nation has provided the world with more soldiers of fortune and mercenaries than Ireland. Thousands fled the English and assumed the name, **The Wild Geese** — the same name that was adopted by "Mad" Mike Hoare's 5th Commando, which gained fame in the Congo in the mid-60s.



Sometimes they fought each other but their main foe was the British. They charged into every major conflict from the days of Louis XIV to World War II. They founded four navies, were active in gaining independence for Chile, Peru, Mexico and the U.S., formed two brigades during the Boer War, and fought for both sides during the American Civil War. Over 60 died at the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Technique of Safe and Vault Manipulation, Desert Publications, Box 22005, Phoenix, Arizona 85028, \$9.95, 11" x 8", 23 pp.

So you don't have your acetylene tanks in your gun jeep and want to save your C-4 for the next guerilla bunker complex. But you still want to see how many Swiss francs or gold sovereigns are inside the local bank's safe? Just to confirm the bank's books are in order, of course. This fact-packed manual provides the inside dope on manipulating safes, 75% of which can be opened by the techniques described herein. Recommended for the Watergate Five.

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A Plus For CIA

Reviewed by Jay Mallin

CIA Diary is a valuable book — perhaps not in the manner it was meant to be, but nonetheless a valuable book. Agee's stated reason for writing the book is that "a book describing CIA operations might help to illustrate the principles of foreign policy that got us into Vietnam and may well get us into similar situations." Also: "A book on the CIA could illustrate how the interests of the privileged minorities in poor countries lead back to, and are identified with, the interests of the rich and powerful who control the U.S."

This is the expectable rationale of a former CIA agent who writes an "inside the company" book about the CIA because he now feels that "national security for me lies in socialism, not in protection of CIA operations and agents."

Thus the rationale offered by Philip Agee. Perhaps he has achieved his aim — certainly the book offers ample fodder for leftwing propagandists who are ideologically committed to assailing any activity by the U.S. government, at home or abroad. But this reader comes away from the book with impressions entirely different than what Agee says he desires to create.

Impression one on the reviewer: This book is a marvelous textbook on the conduct of intelligence operations abroad. No James Bond here but rather difficult and patient work by teams of operatives.

Impression two: The CIA is very good at carrying out its objectives, objectives which are the same for all intelligence agencies: to further the national policies of their respective governments.

Agee, just out of college, joined the CIA in 1957. He describes his recruitment, the structure of the CIA (there is also an organizational chart at the back of the book) and his training. Here is what Agee says about training for infiltration into Communist countries:

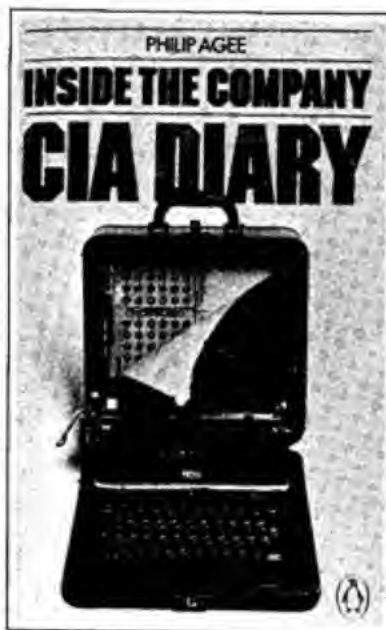
The need for getting agents into denied areas like certain parts of the Soviet Union, China and other communist countries, is satisfied in part by illegal infiltration by land, sea or air. The agents, usually natives of the denied area, are given proper clothing, documentation and cover stories and, if infiltrating by land, may be required to pass secretly through heavily guarded borders. Training in border crossing is given in a restricted area of Camp Peary (the CIA's training establishment) where a mile or so of simulated communist borders is operated with fences, watch-towers, dogs, alarms and patrols. Maritime

infiltration involves the use of a mother ship, usually a freighter operated by an agency cover shipping company which approaches to within a few miles of the shore landing-site. An intermediate craft, often a souped-up outboard, leaves the mother ship and approaches to perhaps a mile off the shore where a rubber boat with a small silent outboard is inflated to carry the infiltration team to the beach . . . Infiltration by air requires black overflights for which the Agency has un-

INSIDE THE COMPANY: CIA DIARY by Philip Agee; Penguin Books, London, 1975

Intelligence work is not just adventure, it's not some kind of stunt, it's not gay trips abroad.

— Rudolf Abel



marked long- and short-range aircraft including the versatile Helio Courier that can be used in infil-exfil operations with landings as well as parachute drops . . .

His training completed, Agee served successively in Ecuador, Uruguay and Mexico (in addition to stints in Washington). The intricacies of politics in those countries are of little interest except to students of Ecuador, Uruguay and Mexico, particularly since some of the narrative concerns events that took place a decade or more ago.

These events, however, do serve as necessary backdrops to the detailed history Agee provides of CIA operations in these countries. One becomes truly impressed with the extent of CIA penetration of governments and of Communist apparatuses. In the case of governments, this penetration ranged from CIA agents working closely with government and police officials to placing officials actually on the CIA payroll.

Penetration of Communist apparatuses is, of course, a primary goal of the CIA anywhere abroad, just as it is a basic goal of the KGB, GRU, DGI and other Communist intel services to penetrate the CIA (Was Philip Agee one of their successes?). The CIA goes to painstaking lengths to obtain information from within Communist apparatus, by penetrating (recruiting a defector), intercepting mail, tapping phones or placing bugs. Agee relates that the CIA photographed electrical sockets in the conference room at Communist Party headquarters in Montevideo. These photographs together with duplicate sockets were sent to Washington so that identical sockets could be made which would each contain concealed "bugs." These were to be used to replace the existing sockets in the conference room so that the CIA could bug the room. Why the photographs? So that even drops of paint on the sockets could be duplicated.

Agee served in the CIA until 1969, resigning during his tour of duty in Mexico. He mentions a "serious and deepening relationship" with a leftist woman, although he was married and the father of children. He also mentions that he had been "regularly meeting" two Soviet intel and other Communist agents, with the full approval of the CIA which presumably hoped Agee would get one or more to defect (Did they instead turn the tables?). And of course the inevitable ideological rationale: ". . . My fuller comprehension of the class divisions of capitalist society based on property or the lack of it."

The book has the ring of authenticity about it in its descriptions of CIA operations, and it is therefore of value to anyone interested in how a major intel organization carries out its responsibilities. But in regard to Agee himself, the book raises more questions than it answers. A congressman has publicly said that Agee was a "defector to the Communist cause." Agee seems to support this statement, particularly since he admittedly received assistance from leftists and leftist organizations. Agee even travelled to Havana for "research" purposes.

Things are, however, not always what they seem to be in the gray world of intelligence operations. So two other

Continued on page 71

REQUIEM FOR THREE NATIONS

by

Alexander M.S. McColl

The disastrous events of the last month in Southeast Asia are not only an appalling human tragedy for the peoples of Cambodia and South Vietnam, they are also without question the most serious defeat of Western Christendom in a generation, and the final requiem of the United States as a Great Power. It is now, finally, made clear beyond doubt that when it comes to helping allies in distress, the United States is a self-castrated paper tiger since its people collectively lack the willingness to make the tough decisions and to take on the hazards and hardships required of the role to which history has called us. We are too corrupted by our own prosperity and flabby thinking.

For this, as much as for brave comrades fallen in battle and for the tens of millions of innocent civilians betrayed by our country's weakness of spirit into the merciless tyranny of the Hanoi regime, let us bow our heads in sorrow not a little tinged with shame.

But let us not despair. It is indeed a time for mourning, but also a time for renewal of Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

"Now Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen." Faith in what? First, faith in the workings of Providence, in the ultimate victory, one way or the other, of Right and Truth and Justice. Second, faith in the righteousness of our cause, that is, faith that individual liberty and dignity, and the right even of small, poorly defended countries on the other side of the globe to live without fear of conquest and enslavement, are not only morally right, but worthy of a personal commitment that includes taking on the risk of death in battle. Third, faith in ourselves, as men and warriors, lawful inheritors of those who have gone before and stood their ground on the ramparts of civilization, from Thermopylae to Roncesvalles to Valley Forge and Yorktown, Antietam and Belleau Wood, Dunkirk and Bir Hakeim, Corregidor and Bastogne, Pork Chop Hill and Dien Bien Phu, Budapest and Chu Pong Mountain, that whatever may be the weaknesses and cowardice of the "Now Generation" and the age of Aquarius, there are yet a few who will stand up and be counted, even under the guns of the enemy.

Hope is the reverse of despair, and the news in these later days gives little scope for it. For what shall we hope? We are past the age of miracles. First, let us hope that this disaster will awaken a

majority of the American people to the cold hard facts:

— That freedom isn't free, nor is security in prosperity. Both are a function of the wisdom, resolution and toughness of national leadership, backed up by the courage, firepower, discipline and loyalty of the Armed Forces;

— That the collective security is indivisible, that appeasement of aggressors is criminal folly, and that there is morally nothing to choose between the Communist and Nazi forms of tyranny;

— That treason and sedition are in fact crimes, and there is a degree beyond which you do not abuse the morale of the Army and retain it as an effective instrument of policy.

Second, in justice to those who died, let us hope that eventually, and the sooner the better, those who by their aid and comfort to the enemies of their flag and country so greatly contributed to the defeat of their country and the enslavement of thirty million people, are required to answer for their treason.

Third, let us hope that next time round, i.e., one or two years from now, and in the Philippine Republic, we will have a little less of piecemealing and hesitation in high places, and quite a lot less of treason in the media, the halls of Congress and in the streets.

Love. There is more to love than carnal lust and warm, sudsy emotion. "Greater love hath no man, than that he lay down his life for his friends." We are speaking here of such old-fashioned, almost forgotten words as courage, loyalty and discipline, and a willingness — even at the cost of comfortable and profitable civilian pursuits — to take onto one's own shoulders the hazards and hardships of plain hard Infantry soldiering so that the priceless heritage for which our forefathers fought and died may not perish.

Without these things, without a regeneration in the spirit of faith, hope and love, the Bicentennial is merely an exercise in commercialized nostalgia, and a joke in rather bad taste. But with this kind of faith, hope and love, and a blazing determination that it shall not happen again, we may yet make it, and even be able to celebrate our Bicentennial without shame.

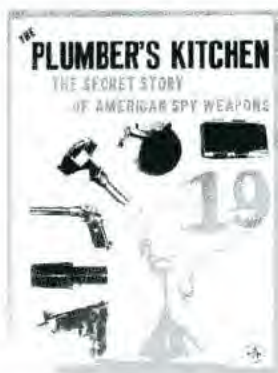
So mourn, but do not despair . . .

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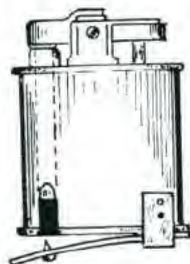
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SOLDIER OF FORTUNE INTERVIEWS

VVV

Veterans And Volunteers For Viet Nam

As Cambodia fell and Vietnam was falling, a group of American Vietnam veterans organized, offering to fight alongside the remaining ARVN forces — for no pay! They stated that if Saigon fell, they would not be evacuated but would carry out guerilla operations against the communists. SOLDIER OF FORTUNE was intrigued to find that there were some "hard core" left and flew to their Washington, D.C. headquarters to bring you a first hand report of their futile but gallant effort.

The Veterans and Volunteers for Vietnam was founded by Bart S. Bonner, former U.S. Marine who served in Nam in

1965-66. He left his small business in Watertown, New York to found the V.V.V. on April 10th. Operating out of a small house in D.C., he was assisted by two Special Forces veterans, Joe Belisario and George Bacon. The national media focused in on the V.V.V., and in a few weeks the V.V.V. could count 2,500 volunteers from all over the country as well as 200 volunteers from Canada.

As the situation in Indo-China deteriorated, Bonner decided to activate the "76 Brigade," in hopes that as the volunteers arrived in staging areas on the east and west coasts, funds could be obtained from private sources to charter a

plane to fly to Saigon. The funds were not forthcoming.

Saigon fell. Bonner and his staff began researching other projects such as infiltrating into Laos to rescue U.S. POW's and chartering a ship to pick up Vietnamese refugees the U.S. Navy left behind. Once again, lack of funds and time precluded action. After Saigon fell, Bonner and his staff contacted embassies of countries threatened by communist-sponsored "liberation movements." Bonner managed to squeeze in a short interview with SOF before it became apparent that the V.V.V. effort was a "no-go." Subsequently, SOF interviewed Belisario and Bacon.



Our informants told us that the CIA would have tried to prevent us from leaving — one way or another — possibly coming up with some phoney criminal charges.



We tried to sell our concept to Thailand, i.e., an American Volunteer Group . . . that would work with the Thai government against the Communist insurgency.



If the Communists invade Korea or any other nation, we will activate the V.V.V. and offer them our services.

SOF: You have stated that V.V.V. members will fight without pay. But where will you obtain funds for air transport? What about weapons and logistic support?

Bonner: We hope to raise the money from private sources. We will either be issued weapons from the ARVN or use captured weapons. As far as logistics go, we'll make do with what is available. We'll eat rice with the ARVN.

SOF: How have you been funded to date?

Bonner: By small contributions and out of our own pockets.

SOF: What has been the response of the U.S. government to your effort?

Bonner: None whatsoever. I assume that they hope we will disappear into the sunset. We know the CIA tapped our phone and that our service records were pulled.

SOF: How did you find that out?

Bonner: We had a few friends in high places but I can't be more specific.

SOF: Do you have any information on what action the government might have taken had you obtained the necessary funds?

Bonner: Our informants told us that the CIA would have tried to prevent us from leaving — one way or another — possibly coming up with some phoney criminal charges.

SOF: What if the U.S. threatens V.V.V. members with loss of citizenship if you go to Nam without approval?

Bonner: I doubt that would happen. Certainly there is no precedent of a government depriving individuals of their citizenship for fighting the enemies of their country.

SOF: What type of experience do your volunteers have?

Bonner: The vast majority are Vietnam combat veterans — SEALs, Special Forces, Marine Recon, as well as vets of the 173 Airborne Bde., 101st, 1st Air Con., etc. We've had several WWII and Korean War vets also volunteer.

SOF: You mentioned you had a DC7 on 36 hour call, which would cost \$35,000 to fly your first contingent to Saigon. Where do you expect to raise that sum of money?

Bonner: We contacted Ross Perot, but he would not send us on a one-way trip. Ann Chennault said she would help if there was any hope — but things moved too quickly.

SOF: What are the future plans for the V.V.V.?

George: We have to look at what's been happening since the fall of South Vietnam. After it became obvious that Saigon would not be defended by the South Vietnamese Army, as the Cambodian Army defended Phnom Penh, we found that our original mission could not be implemented because General Minh surrendered so quickly that there was no

chance for the "76 Brigade" to mobilize. With the fall of Saigon, we looked for other countries that could use our expertise. We tried to sell our concept to Thailand, i.e. an American Volunteer Group composed of combat veterans, backed up by aircraft maintenance personnel, medical technicians, heavy equipment operators, etc., that would work with the Thai government against the communist insurgency. However, due to the political sentiments in Thailand, they're in a situation that is very similar to Vietnam 15 years ago. This is one area where our expertise would be valuable, as the Thais are used to working with Americans, the equipment they're using is the same, and the terrain, the climate and the styles of warfare are exactly the same as Vietnam. Unfortunately, it looks like we can't get in at this time. If not, we'll have to drop into a waiting posture. If a situation arises where we can help, the organization will activate and raise as much money as it can, and if the American government does not support a country like South Korea, and it gets attacked by the North, then an organization built on the foundations of the V.V.V. will do everything it can for that government.

SOF: Have you made any contact with any other embassies?

George: We've gone to the Philippine embassy, but they don't seem to need American volunteers at this time, as they are able to control their insurgency.

SOF: What was the response from the Koreans?

Joe: The Koreans expressed interest in the V.V.V., and in Special Forces and highly qualified personnel coming to Korea. The Korean military attache said they would accept individuals having highly specialized skills, such as Air Force technicians, pilots, etc. He said he could have them in Korea within a week. He also expressed interest in getting the V.V.V. into Korea.

SOF: Could interested members of the V.V.V. go to Korea now?

Joe: Major Kim, the military attache, has expressed an interest in moving personnel on an individual basis immediately. As far as an organization moving into Korea, the matter would have to be approved in Korea.

SOF: If individuals were interested in going over there, what would their status be? Would it be on a contract basis, and how would they be paid?

Joe: They would not have to join the Korean army. They would initially act in an advisory capacity between the Koreans and the Americans that are in South Korea. They would be given the rank and pay grade equal to Lieutenant in our army.

SOF: Do you know what that amounts to?

Joe: No, I do not.

SOF: Is there any possibility that the American government might put pressure on the South Koreans to prevent individual Americans going to South Korea, in what is essentially a freelance capacity?

Joe: Major Kim feels that there would be no complications, that there would not be a conflict of interest between the two governments.

SOF: If somebody reading SOLDIER OF FORTUNE decides they want to go to Korea, should they go through the V.V.V.?

Joe: They could either go through the V.V.V. or they could contact the defense attache at the Korean embassy.

SOF: Do you intend to maintain your roster of approximately 2500 Vietnam veterans, so that if conflict breaks out, those people could be easily contacted?

Joe: We intend to maintain contact with individuals who have contacted us. We have offices in Texas and California, which are still actively recruiting and raising funds. We would definitely offer our organization to the South Koreans if they were attacked.

SOF: Do you envision the V.V.V. becoming a version of a United States "Foreign Legion"?

George: The only problem with the V.V.V. becoming a version of the French Foreign Legion, is that the Legion had one indispensable asset — the backing of the French government. We've had no backing of any kind. All we've gotten is private contributions from individual citizens, and this has only amounted to several hundred dollars, which just barely pays for the phone and office supplies.

SOF: When you close out your Washington office, where will your central headquarters be located?

George: Bart Bonner will be directing V.V.V. operations out of his office at W. 61 South Street, Watertown, New York.

SOF: And George, what about Africa? What if civil war breaks out, as is predicted, in Mozambique or Angola, and white mercenary units take part? Do you envision V.V.V. involvement in that type of situation?

George: I don't think that the V.V.V., as an organization, would get involved, unless it was a clearcut struggle of one country being subverted by communism, and that country was fighting back against communism.

SOF: Let's get back to Vietnam. Do you believe that everyone got out that faced probable execution by the VC and NVA?

Joe: No. All you have to do is read the news reports about the tens-of-thousands who were left behind. I conclude that not only did we sell them out in the war, but we also sold out the very individuals who helped us do what we tried to do in Vietnam.

SOF: This would apply to those ten's of thousands of Chou Hoi's — VC and NVA who defected to US ARVN forces — who did so under our guarantee of protection. Do you feel that any of them got out?

Joe: We feel that the U.S. was very, very culpable on this point. The U.S. is guilty of leaving behind a great number of people, in fact, probably the people in the most danger of suffering reprisals. We thought that the Communists were going to give us more time in order to get these people out, that the Communists would go for a negotiated settlement, rather than a frontal attack on Saigon. But now it looks like, with the benefit of hindsight, that the Communists wanted us to think this. They were stringing us along. They were putting out the feeler for a coalition government which Big Minh snapped up. However, at the same time, they were moving their 130mm guns down and they launched attacks within the next few days on the airfield, preventing approximately 50% of the people that the United States government would have taken out, from being taken out. And that doesn't even scratch the surface of the number of people in South Vietnam who were liable to reprisal.

SOF: My personal feeling, is that as we had made a commitment, we should have taken out anybody who wanted to flee.

Joe: Correct. We also have, from a reliable source, here in Washington, that the U.S. Navy was picking up refugees who were getting out by Sampan, or small craft, and not placing them on U.S. Navy ships, but dropping them off on the island of Con Son.

SOF: What happened to them?

Joe: We don't know what has happened, at this point. But we think that there were approximately 80,000 refugees that the U.S. Navy dumped off on Con Son Island.

SOF: And you have this from pretty reliable sources? A total of 80,000? Were the bulk of that 80,000 transported there by U.S. Navy craft? And then, they were just left there?

Joe: That is correct.

SOF: Has this been confirmed by any of the media?

Joe: The U.S. government has pretty well kept it from getting out.

SOF: How reliable is the source you obtained this information from?

Joe: The information is very reliable and has come from three different sources.

SOF: Who do you specifically blame for the fall of Vietnam and Cambodia?

Joe: I believe the blame totally lies on the 94th Congress.

George: I have to back-up Joe 100, because the 94th Congress refused to give the South Vietnamese people, and especially the South Vietnamese military, the idea that they were going to continue to receive the necessary material to defend themselves, thus totally destroying their morale. This began when we didn't live up to the

cease-fire agreement that was signed in Paris.

SOF: In what respect?

Joe: We agreed to replace on a one-for-one basis all military equipment that was expended. This includes batteries, artillery ammunition, small calibre ammunition, aircraft, tanks and everything else that is expended in the course of a war. The South Vietnamese ambassador told us the United States did not replace on a one-to-one basis, the combat equipment and ammunition that was expended by the ARVN after the Paris Peace Accords took affect in 1973. As of this year, the ARVN's ammo supply was drastically reduced. The allocation for a 105 was 6 rounds a day; for a 155, 4 rounds per day; for a 175, it was 1 round per day. Now, this puts a different light on the fact that the ARVN abandoned so many guns. What good is a gun if you can only fire a few rounds?

SOF: This lack of ammo also forced the ARVN to closedown posts down in the Mekong Delta, because they were unable to give them the necessary fire support in case they were attacked. Do you have any information on the effect the withdrawal of American aircraft maintenance personnel had on the capabilities of the South Vietnamese air force some months back?

Joe: We had an interesting discussion with a high-level American official, who was involved in resupplying the South Vietnamese Army for all weapons and ammunition sent to that country. He said we left 37 different types of aircraft, each one having a different engine, different mechanical make-up, different armament, requiring different ammunition and in some cases different fuels. As you know, all this was far beyond the capabilities of the Vietnamese mechanics.

SOF: I was referring to a report that I had read some months back, where American firms responsible for providing maintenance personnel to the South Vietnamese air force, were forced to withdraw their personnel because their contracts had expired, and there were no longer funds coming for the salaries of these individuals.

Joe: Yes, 1500 mechanics were withdrawn and as they were processing thru Saigon, they were interviewed. When asked if the South Vietnamese mechanics could maintain these aircraft, the contract mechanics replied that they could not. What would happen, they said, was that the planes would be cannibalized for parts until finally they'd all be down for parts. This would've eventually happened, anyway, we feel, had the war gone on longer. Another thing that the South Vietnamese ambassador told us which is very significant, is that the evacuation of casualties from the field diminished because of a lack of serviceable

Continued on Page 75

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Later is an ugly thing but not the ugliest of things; the degraded and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. A man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight; nothing he cares about more than his own personal safety; is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself.

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AFTERMATH OF A SELLOUT

As this is being written, millions of Indochinese who we allied with and promised to aid and defend against the global Communist onslaught are in desperate straits. We speak here not of corrupt officials who we wrongly supported while they drained their country's resources (and ours!) into Swiss bank accounts, but of the millions of our individual counterparts: farmers, soldiers, business and professional people, educators and skilled workers who only wanted to live in peace, and if possible in freedom from Communist oppression. We speak of the people who we promised to help, and who believed us, and who we sold out for the sake of political expediency.

It takes not a very astute political observer to draw the conclusion that the newly-conquered peoples of S.E. Asia, and the people of the United States, would have been far better off in the long run if they had never accepted our help.

We had no business getting involved in a no-win war.

We had utterly no business making treaties, making promises to people and nations which we were not prepared to keep. The bottom line is the same as if we had never gotten involved, except for four important results: (1) millions of Indochinese and hundreds of thousands of Americans have been killed or wounded, (2) the industry and agriculture of Indochina is nearly destroyed, (3) the economy of the strongest nation on earth nearly teetered into bankruptcy, (4) millions of Indochinese people are on the run — homeless, destitute, sick and starving.

Condition (1) is irreversible and best put behind us. Conditions (2) and (3) will gradually be weathered and hopefully corrected by the people and powers which have survived in the respective nations. Condition (4) is in large measure correctable and is therefore urgent and pressing, but is incongruously being ignored by our nation — a nation which was founded and prospered because it was the biggest refugee camp the world has ever known. We inserted a handful of Marines to rescue the men of the ship Mayaguez and, although a high official grandly announced this made him "proud to be an American," this rescue can only be considered as a token face-saving gesture.

At the same time we were rescuing the men of the Mayaguez and reclaiming

the ship, on the island of Phu Quoc there were (and are) over 40,000 refugees, including American missionaries and other civilian personnel cowering, starving, waiting and dying for an American rescue which will apparently never come. Today our Secretary of State flatly stated this island is South Vietnamese territory and there is nothing we can do. There is nothing we could write in reply to such a callous and cowardly statement which would be printable. Apparently, when you sell out millions of people, a few thousand more makes little difference.

This disgusting and disheartening lack of commitment by the U.S. government to actively aid or protect these refugees, makes a mockery of what the U.S.A. stands for. The final bill for our misadventure in S.E. Asia is estimated to exceed some \$150,000,000,000. This debt may in the end aid to bankrupt even our rich nation — but it is our opinion that after committing 54,000 American lives and \$900 billion in American resources to assure the freedom of the people of S.E. Asia, it would take only a relative drop of blood and an inflated dollar bill to attempt to save a few million lives — especially since these lives are depending on us because of our promise and "commitment." It has been said that if you can do it, it's your job; if you can't do it, it's still your responsibility. These homeless, starving, endangered people are standing right before you, America, and you can't dodge the issue.

What are you going to do about these people? And you say (perhaps hoping nobody will reply and you'll be off the hook) "What can I do?" The answer is: PLENTY. AND RIGHT NOW! First of all, if you share our conclusion that we owe these unfortunate victims our personal support, you can immediately write or wire your elected representatives and tell them what you think should be done to answer this urgent human need. Then remind them that next year is an election year and ask them what they are doing (or plan to do).

Then sit down at your phone and dial 1-800-368-1180. It won't cost you a dime from anywhere in the United States, and when the girl answers ask her what you can do. She knows, as she works for the Inter-Agency Task Force for Vietnamese Relief. You see, although the administrative and legislative branches of our government have shirked their

human responsibility to commit a large-scale American effort to actively evacuate and aid these unfortunate people, there are already functional departments of our government which are committed by their nature to assist human need. The only attempts to evacuate refugees may have been badly bungled, or may have actually been intended to be merely face-saving tokenism, but nonetheless there are a lot of good people in a lot of agencies, plus thousands of volunteers who are working their hearts out under trying conditions to help the Indochinese refugees. It may be a case of too little and too late, but it is at least a start, and if these agencies are to do the job they want to do, they must have your help (As an individual American. YOU, sitting in your armchair with a can of beer).

There are some 130,000 people who we did manage to rescue ahead of the Communist advance in South Vietnam, plus a handful of Cambodians and Montagnards. They are presently interned in camps on Guam, Elgin AFB, Ft. Chafee and Camp Pendleton. They fled from oppression to the promise of freedom and a new life in America just like millions before them — like thousands of Europeans in the 18th and 19th Centuries, like thousands more after WWI and WWII, like 40,000 Hungarians in the 50's, like 650,000 Cubans in the 60's. Our America broke its promise to aid and defend — we can never let America break its promise to shelter from oppression or we will no longer have an America; it will be just another worthless piece of real estate populated by people waiting for the advance of a strong oppressor.

In spite of a lack of guts, decency or concern in some quarters, our government has taken the minimal first step; we have gotten some of the people out. What happens to them now is largely up to individual Americans. It is almost wholly up to YOU.

In order for these immigrant families to become viable, contributing members of the great American experiment in freedom, they first must get out of the barbed wire and into the mainstream of American life. To get out of the barbed wire they have to have a sponsor. They have to have a person, an organization or a group who will accept temporary responsibility for their well being until they are on their own. The overwhelming

majority of these people got out with only the clothes on their back. They need a place to live. They need food to eat, they need a vehicle through which they can make a positive contribution to their adopting country (a job!). They need individuals who believe in the American way of life who will help them adjust to the language, lifestyle and love of the greatest civilization the world has even known.

How can you do this with four kids, car payments and a mortgage? You don't have to do it by yourself, or do it all. But we all do have individual obligations as Americans to do our part . . . to do what we can. Almost any organization — a family, a lodge, a church group or even a gun club can get together and be responsible. If you have the room to put them up, your uncle Fred and half-a-dozen relatives can all chip in a few bucks a month to buy chow. You can raid the local Salvation Army or Goodwill for clothes, and so on. And most of all, you can be a friend and counsellor to these people while they find their niche in the American rock of freedom. These people don't have anything, and they don't ask for much — only a chance. They want to be free. They want to contribute. They have skills and they have motivation.

Talk it up with your friends, cousins and associates, then call the toll-free number. Tell them what you can do to help, and they'll take it from there. They can even find a person with the particular job skill you may need for your business. But you have to take the first step.

If every "Patriotic" organization, or every "Service" club, or every "Christian" church would sponsor a family, there would be no need for this editorial plea. However, there seem to be a lot of people who have momentarily forgotten what it means to be an American; why America was founded (as a refuge) and how it was populated (by refugees).

In fact, if you can believe this, Governor CASTRO of Arizona was quoted by AP as saying ". . . I don't think we ought to welcome them anymore. I think we ought to put a limit on them. They've got children who have to be fed, people to have jobs, etc." According to the AP release, Gov. Castro said he was opposed to South Vietnamese refugees in the United States and plans to limit their number in Arizona. "I intend to limit them, I intend to be rather strict, although you can't close a state to them." "I'll try to limit them as much as possible, and only pick out those cases which are of humane treatment and consideration."

You might expect such statements from an ignorant redneck who didn't have a grasp of what America is all about, but from a Governor? From a Governor who himself was foreign born,

and was also a refugee immigrant from a war-torn country. Who himself sought refuge and was accepted in this country from Mexico in the middle of it's big depression of the 30's? For shame! If the Honorable Mr. Castro thinks he will curry favor amongst American "minorities" who fear they might have to share their welfare tit, maybe he is right. But if he thinks he reflects the attitude of the people of the great state of Arizona, he is wrong. SOF Associate Editor Don McLean, who resides in Arizona and is sharing his home with a family of five Vietnamese (and who claims he is having the time of his life with the chance to do something positive) was contacted

regarding his Governor's comments and apparent attitude. His comment: "People who make it to the lifeboat themselves, and then stamp on the fingers of others who come after them so they will not have to share their refuge, give me a belly ache."

If the plight of these refugees makes your American heart hurt, and if attitudes such as implied above make your belly hurt, then get off the seat of your pants and do something positive. Help keep the American Ideal a living, growing reality. Call the toll-free number today.



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The CIA

TOP SECRET

Assassination of Trujillo

by Robert Roman

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Our author's life typifies that of many a soldier of fortune, particularly in his unerring ability to pick the losing side. He first saw action at age 16, in World War II, in the Merchant Marine, when he manned a 20-mm gun and shot the tail assembly off a plane during an air raid in New Guinea. His feat was not applauded, however, since it was an American plane.

He followed that up by four years in the Marines, serving mainly in China, when the U.S. made a vain effort to prop-up the Nationalist regime. It was during this time, while selling cigarettes and .45's, on the black market, that he fell in with a General Chen, a private warlord who commanded a small army called the Chefoo Brigade. Our Marine PFC went A.W.O.L. and was promoted to "captain" in the brigade — which was promptly annihilated by the Chinese Communists. Breathless but unscarred, he rejoined the Marines and



Dictator Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, two years before he was assassinated by proxies of the CIA.

was not even court martialed, as his company commander found his misadventure amusing.

Next came the Caribbean and Central America. He went to work for the late Tacho Samoza, dictator of Nicaragua, as a "consultant." Tacho was later assassinated. There was also a stint as an automatic weapons instructor, with a Guatemalan exile army led by Carlos Castillo Armas. He also got in the way of somebody's bullet.

Roman was now ready for the big time — he joined the service of the late Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, Benefactor de la Patria y Padre de la Patria Nueva, again as a "consultant." Today he works for another foreign power engaged in a life and death struggle; needless to say, his side is losing. Of his career as a soldier of fortune, Roman says cheerfully, "I should have been a linoleum salesman."

TRUJILLO...

It was really a very stupid way to assassinate somebody. Two cars followed the 1957 Chevrolet down Avenida George Washington and ahead were two cars waiting to intercept it. However, as later reconstructed, no real effort was made to block the highway and the Chevrolet could have sped right on through. Instead, when the first shots were fired, the car's lone passenger ordered the car to stop, got out and started banging away with his pistol. His assailants were using American automatic M-2 carbines and he was riddled. That was the end of the Era of Trujillo, of Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, and of my job. The place was the Dominican Republic but it could have been almost anywhere.

Virtually everybody connected with the assassination is now dead. But there was one eyewitness to the scene. He was Gen. Arturo Espaillat, former chief of Trujillo's military intelligence and one of his closest advisers. By a strange coincidence — a very strange coincidence — Arturo was out for a drive that evening and wandered right into the ambush. He described it this way:

"Trujillo's Chevrolet was parked in the center of the four-lane highway. On the right was a car facing in the same direction as the Chevrolet. On the left was another car with bright headlights which illuminated the scene. A third car was beyond and to the right, facing Trujillo's car. I could see men firing furiously at the figure who staggered into the beam of the headlights. The Old Man fired a last bullet, then pitched forward on his face. Trujillo was dead."

And with that, Arturo used to say, he spun the car around and drove off to give the alarm. He also took over the Dominican Republic — at least temporarily.

Arturo moved swiftly. He drove directly to the home of Gen. Jose Roman and seized him. Roman was leader of the Dominicans involved in the conspiracy and was to have become provisional president after Trujillo. Roman was hauled into the intelligence center behind the National Palace and was told to start talking. He did and — before he was finally finished off by expert torturers — implicated scores of people. What happened next was not nice.

I have seen that sort of thing in various parts of the world — otherwise ordinary people suddenly convulsed by a sort of blood frenzy. Perhaps the potential is there in all of us and certainly the U.S. Government, as represented by the Central Intelligence Agency and the State Department is not above setting up

these little scenes. A lot of people died because of what happened that day in May 1961 and the responsibility is theirs.

However, there's no denying that the Old Man, in many ways, brought it on himself. He was the Big Daddy of the Caribbean and delighted in stirring up the natives — Venezuela, Guatemala, Haiti, anything within range. At one point he developed a dandy feud with Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista. Life was rather complicated during that period.

I got rather confused when our propaganda apparatus began blasting Batista as a Communist. It was even more confusing when Trujillo brought in a swarm of Cuban rebels, some of them real Communists, and armed and trained them. He went further and began to run arms and ammo into Cuba. Later, Fidel Castro was to find them very useful. One of the pilots ferrying around the Cuban rebels and the guns was a loud-mouth romanticist who thought he was Captain Midnight. His name was Gerald Lester Murphy. As a mercenary, Murphy was a disgrace to our trade.

It was about that time that the Galindez case broke — specifically, March 12, 1956. You may remember it: Jesus Galindez, head of the Spanish Basque revolutionary movement in North America disappeared. Trujillo was blamed for it generally and Arturo Espaillat, then Consul General in New York, was accused specifically. The media had a field day.

Then came the Murphy incident. It seems that Murphy had been boozing it up in the bars and bragging that he had kidnapped Galindez, though in fact, the CIA had (The CIA was perturbed that of the million plus dollars given to Galindez to funnel to the Basques, only \$500,000

reached its destination). Murphy realized the error of his ways and made plans to leave the country. Too late. He went off a cliff into the sea, assisted by one Octavio de la Maza, on orders of Trujillo, who resented being accused of the Galindez kidnapping. The State Government got very upset and demanded a full investigation. I helped prepare an investigative report sent to the American Embassy but I probed into that case very gingerly, afraid of what I might find and add myself to the daisy chain of deaths.

De la Maza had liquidated Murphy, on orders, of course, but the trail led straight to him. The Embassy demanded action. They got action, but not what they expected. Trujillo had de la Maza thrown in jail and charged with murdering Murphy. De la Maza was understandably annoyed at his situation and announced he was going to tell all. He apparently changed his mind because he strangled himself in his cell. De la Maza was a brawny character and had to be assisted on his way by a half-dozen strongbacked secret police.

I still get chills — like right now — when I think about episodes like that and how damned dangerous it was to work for a man like Trujillo. I must have been out of my mind. I was an absolutely loyal *trujillista*. Yet, I knew that loyalty with him didn't work both ways. He might reward you lavishly one day and send you over a cliff the next — not out of anger or any emotion but just out of sheer expediency. Yet, the sheer danger of working for that tiger had an exhilarating quality. Maybe I'm a masochist?

Publicity about Galindez and Murphy continued and so did political pressure on Trujillo. The de la Maza incident was largely ignored. But one who didn't forget it was his brother, Antonio. It was



This is the 1957 Chevrolet Trujillo was riding in when he was ambushed. His tendency to follow a precise schedule and routes of travel made him any easy mark for his CIA-sponsored assassins.

Antonio de la Maza who was a key figure in the group that liquidated Trujillo and it is very probable that the first CIA contact with the group was through him. Needless to say, he's dead now.

The thing is, the whole cover of the conspiracy had always been paper thin and the conspirators started babbling out the details, virtually from the moment they were apprehended. That didn't stop Ramfis, Trujillo's son, for torturing them to death. He was quite literally mad with rage. He killed them so fast that a really exhaustive analysis of the plot was impossible. I conducted such an analysis with personnel captured during the invasions from Cuba, and an elaborate conspiracy known as the 14th of June Movement; I had managed to keep my sources alive and talking. Ramfis chopped up Big Daddy's murderers so fast that they never had time to tell the whole story. Too bad. But here's the basic story.

The CIA station chief of the American Embassy in the Dominican Republic was a chap named Lear B. Reed. He made no bones about it. In the summer of 1960, Reed came to the Palace with an odd story. He said his visit was completely unofficial and that he was jeopardizing his career, but because of his abiding affection for the Old Man he wanted to warn him: either Trujillo resigns or Washington will send in the Navy. It was a transparent CIA ultimatum.

I submitted a memo to the Old Man labelling it preposterous. Then he indicated I should make some sort of response. So I wrote a little piece about "the mysterious blatherskite slithering around among us who is known only as LBR and operates the local candy store for the Company" and put it on the front page of a local paper. Trujillo loved it. Reed quietly left the country.

But that did it. Washington flashed the green light and the final solution of the Trujillo question began. It had already been in the works for months. Two officials attached to the Embassy took over and away they went.

One peculiarity of the whole operation is that everybody involved were virtually neighbors of each other in the upper class Cesar Nicolas Penson and Avenida Pasteur area. The American Embassy was virtually adjacent to Trujillo's sprawling palace residence. The foreign colony took their kids to a competent young pediatrician who lived in that neighborhood. My house was a few blocks away and I sent my daughter to him too. Espaillet lived in the same general area. When we all started killing each other it was practically a neighborhood brawl.

Anyway, the family doctor was named Roberto Reid Cabral and he was the contact man for the whole operation. The two American CIA agents communicated largely through him. To a lesser extent, they used Wimpy's supermarket in the

same area. Wimpy's market was primarily useful for another purpose: smuggling American arms into the country. Wimpy himself was a rather amiably nondescript-looking character whose real name was Lorenzo Berry. An American, he had lived in the country for years. There was no evidence that Berry himself was actually a Company agent; he was recruited for this one job.

The two other Americans involved were rather unlikely looking types to be instigating an assassination conspiracy. One was short, rather roly-poly, with a slow, soft Southern accent. The other was tall, balding, bespectacled and gave the general appearance of a high school mathematics teacher. Both were virtually neighbors of Dr. Reid Cabral and it was there that they had a long series of contacts with the Dominicans. Both were attached to the Embassy — but both made it plain to the conspirators that they worked for the Central Intelligence Agency, the Company.

There were about 40 Dominicans involved, most of them fairly prominent. You have to have experienced the Dominican Republic of those years to have known how fantastic that was — that a plot with so many people involved could have dragged on for almost a year without a leak. It's a little country and swarmed with informers, some of them for pay; others reported any item of interest just to make brownie points with the Old Man. Actually we did hear that something funny was going on at Wimpy's Market but nobody seemed interested. Trujillo, an ex-Marine, trusted Americans. And he had always cooperated closely with the Company.

What was going on at the market was indeed interesting. Automatic carbines, disassembled, were being smuggled into Wimpy's in containers of food. Even obsolete M-1 rifles were shipped in. That seemed odd when the story finally came out because the country fairly bristled with the weaponry and the conspirators had access to excellent Belgian FN assault rifles. But the point was, that the plotters wanted visible, physical evidence of U.S. support. Except for Antonio de la Maza, who was transfixed by hatred and beyond fear, they lived in mortal terror throughout the conspiracy. They wanted something more tangible than CIA promises and moral support and they got it — but a fat lot of good it was going to do them.

The conspirators were primarily concerned about knocking off Trujillo. But the CIA also insisted that there be at least equal preparation for actual seizure of power. Heir apparent of the Trujillo machine was his eldest son, Ramfis, and it was possible that he could take over the controls leaving the situation unchanged. How to bottle up Ramfis? Answer: he flies to Europe periodically. When the hit is made — while he's there — he'll come

flying back, his plane making a stopover in New York. He'll be scooped up there and hauled off.

Sounded good to the boys. They organized into two components: the political group numbering about forty and an action group of eight to ten hit men. Antonio de la Maza was, naturally, the real leader of the hit team. The actual assassins had the easiest job. For all his secret police and troops, Trujillo himself was only lightly guarded. His movements were virtually ritualistic, almost mechanical. You knew where he'd be at almost any given time.

Everybody got more and more jittery as they waited for Ramfis to get off his ass and go to Europe again. Then came the CIA's Bay of Pigs debacle. The Company became just as panicky as the Dominicans. Word was passed to call the whole thing off. The Dominicans refused. It was too late to turn back; sooner or later the story would have come out and the Old Man would have fed them to the sharks inch-by-inch.

Finally Ramfis boarded an airliner for Europe. A week later, Trujillo was gunned down by those CIA-supplied carbines and M-1's.

I had never considered Ramfis very bright but this time he wasn't so dumb. Instead of flying commercial, he chartered a plane and flew directly home. Meanwhile, Arturo Espaillet drove from the scene of the assassination directly to the home of General Roman, who was to be provisional president, grabbed him and began rounding up the conspirators. By the time Ramfis landed, Espaillet was in full control of the country. Ramfis showed his gratitude by locking Espaillet up too. He had good reason.

I think I was as close to Espaillet as any man, alive or dead. Sometimes after a few drinks and a rehashing of the old days, I would look at him and say, "Arturo, you son of a bitch, some day I'm going to kill you." I always got the same response.

He would laugh. He knew exactly what I was thinking, even though we never discussed it.

"Roberto, mi hermano, don't talk like that. Besides, you'd have to stand at the end of a very long line for that." He would laugh again. He thought it was very funny.

The reason Arturo came within a hair of sharing the same fate as the conspirators — but survived — was that nobody could possibly believe that Arturo would be mixed up with the CIA. Washington was almost hysterical on the subject of Espaillet. Besides, Arturo was super-trujillista. Ramfis just couldn't quite bring himself to believe he was involved. He was released and went into exile where I joined him in still another of his endless conspiracies.

It had been no coincidence that Arturo

had been at the scene when the Old Man got hit. Nor that he grabbed all the right conspiratorial asses straight off. Nor that he had taken over the Trujillo machine and was running the country until Ramfis fucked things up by not flying into the CIA net in New York. It was too much for Ramfis, even though he spared his life. But I realized what had happened.

You have to understand how it was in those days. Everybody around Trujillo realized the show was about over. Many were frozen by fear of the future. Others — and I was one of them — were just plain exhausted, burnt-out. I had worked tirelessly seven days a week for El Jefe for five years in an atmosphere saturated with fear, assassinations, guerrilla invasions, terrorism, hysterical propaganda, rumors, plots, executions and all the other pleasantries accompanying the crumbling of an absolute dictatorship. I said to hell with it, and grabbed for a girl and a bottle.

Arturo, however, was neither burnt-out or fearful. He was fascinated by the Trujillo machine. He thought he could

keep it running. He also liked Trujillo's business policies; the Old Man owned a piece of just about everything in the country — literally. Everytime you bought a beer or laid a whore or sold a ton of sugar, the Old Man rang up the cash register. That intrigued Arturo.

Not that he was directly involved in the conspiracy. He knew of it. He knew who was in on it, what they were going to do and when. And he short-circuited the story from reaching the top. It wasn't exactly treason; Espallat was just nudging history a bit. But there was only one Trujillo.

When Espallat was hit in Lisbon, I'm sure that he accepted it fatalistically and without rancor. To him, that was just part of the game. If you deal yourself in, you can expect that sort of thing.

But even in this business there is some morality. No much, but some. But Washington violates those few rules, such as not getting people killed unnecessarily. One thing you may have noticed is that U.S. spooks like to work through proxies, puppets, dupes, "allies" or whatever you want to call it — and the results are usually unfortunate for the

proxies. The Trujillo thing was an example. The two CIA men and Wimpy bolted from the country just before it happened.

The promised support never materialized. The Americans were long gone and didn't try to help them. True, off-shore was a very visible U.S. Navy task force which arrived just after the assassination. The plotters had been told the Marines would land. They didn't. In the end, Washington did manage to kill Trujillo but it was also responsible for the killing of a lot of other Dominicans as well.

Arturo, hounded from his country by the Company, finally took up residence in Lisbon. There he was involved in a car wreck which left him paralyzed. He later recovered enough to blow out his brains with his .45.

"You know Arturo's accident in Lisbon," the voice over the phone said, "Well, that was no accident. You're going to get the same thing."

"Fuck you," I said.



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The Aborted Flight of THE WILD GEESE

*Col. "Mad" Mike Hoare and His "Mercs" Attempt
To Invade Angola*

*or
The Wild Geese
Have Their
Wings Clipped*

**by
Devin Benson**



Colonel Mike Hoare, Commanding Officer of 5 Commando at Lova River in the Congo.

In the spring of 1974, mysterious classified ads appeared in leading newspapers in London, Paris and Brussels, announcing a reunion of Col. Michael Hoare's 5th Commando to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the liberation of Stanleyville.

To the casual observer, there was nothing unusual about the announcement, but to former Congo mercs and their friends, it had undertones of something a bit more exciting and profitable — a call to arms.

It was a common feeling in Southern Africa that the Portuguese withdrawal from Angola or Mozambique might well provide a fertile field for merc operations.

In both colonies a volatile political situation indicated chaos, when the Portuguese finally withdrew. Large numbers of white settlers, 250,000 in Mozambique and 800,000 in wealthy Angola, could be expected to support an effort lead by columns of mercs to overthrow the black governments installed by the Portuguese.

In Mozambique, plots to do just this were aborted in May, 1974. In Angola, the African liberation organizations spent almost as much time shooting each other as they did the Portuguese.

Those interested in playing the merc game again decided it was time to evaluate the situation. They officially put out the word via appealing in a front page story in the Johannesburg Star, on 9 September, 1974, for anyone with military experience to join an exclusive "Wild Goose Club," the "Wild Goose" being the symbol used by Hoare's outfit during the Congo fracas.

The forthcoming reunion of the "Wild Geese" publicized the fact that mercs were available for hire in the "dark continent," and provided a cover for the formation of the "Wild Goose Club," using the emblem of No. 5 Commando.

Though Col. Hoare vehemently denies the club had any function other than social, in fact, it served as a vehicle to recruit mercenaries in case an opportunity presented itself.

Initially, the club headquarters were located in a suite of offices at 31 Pritchard Street. The "headquarters commandant" was a balding former Scots Guardsman, Sam Cassidy, who claimed he was in the "carpet business."

Cassidy handled the incoming phone calls while Captain Derek Anderson, a bearded art dealer and former jungle fighter, screened potential recruits who appeared in person. Within a month, according to Cassidy, more than 1,000 mercs had been signed up.

He remarked to one reporter, "Officially, we're a social and recreational club, but unofficially, it's pretty obvious we're recruiting isn't it?"

Cassidy was questioned by the South

African security police who told him the activities of the club would be ignored "as long as they didn't embarrass the government and there was no more publicity."

In late September, 1974, at a hotel in the suburbs of Johannesburg, run by a former merc officer, more than 100 Congo vets traded war stories and speculated on the future, as the liquor flowed like water. Everyone toasted the unveiling of a battle flag, on which was emblazoned the "Wild Goose." Members were told by Cassidy, Col. Hoare's second-in-command and the senior merc officer present, that the unit would become operational "if there is a legitimate request from a legally constituted government."

The "Wild Geese" sent representatives into Angola to seek out wealthy Portuguese businessmen who might be interested in hiring their services.

Members claimed they had contacted Katangese mercenaries and Cassidy claimed he had enlisted pilots in Rhodesia who had aircraft capable of flying mercs into their area of operations. One of the latter was Captain Jack Malloch, a former Spitfire pilot and founder of the Rhodesian Air Services. Rhodesian Defense Member, P. K. van der Byl, allegedly promised Cassidy the use of a Rhodesian airport as a launch site, after Cassidy promised there would be no recruiting in Rhodesia.

The "Wild Geese's" relatively vague operation plan incorporated the following:

1. Mercs would seize Luso Airport in southeastern Angola, in conjunction with Dr. Jonas Savimbi's National Union for the Total Independence of Angola.
2. Once the airport was secured, the main contingent of mercs would fly in and cut all routes of communications to the Luanda, the Capitol of Angola.

Apparently, they planned on playing it by ear after they had established a secure base of operations.

In their frantic quest for the elusive financial backing, the emissaries of the "Wild Geese" began to draw the attention of the press, and subsequently, the South African police and the Rhodesian Special Branch. One member was arrested carrying a large sum of money, and a few days later, Cassidy was "asked" to leave Rhodesia or face deportation.

On arrival in London, Cassidy told newsmen the "Wild Geese" were planning a mercenary operation somewhere in Mozambique or Angola.

A combination then, of failure to obtain

necessary financing plus exposure from the press and harassment from Rhodesian and South African security agencies grounded the "Wild Geese."

The "Wild Geese," at present, appear to be biding their time until Portuguese forces withdraw from Mozambique in June and Angola in November.

Addresses of interest:

Jack Carton-Barber
President, Wild Geese Club
102 Leannington Court
Louis Botha Ave.
Gresswell
Johannesburg
Republic of South Africa

Col. Michael Hoare
Address unknown
Phone, as of January, 1975:
24491 Durban

The Johannesburg Sunday Express carried a report in April that wealthy Portuguese businessmen were recruiting mercs in South Africa, France and Belgium, to overthrow the Mozambique government. Norman Taylor, an Express reporter, passing as a mercenary, claimed he was offered \$2800 a month.

A recruiting officer, known only as Lorenzo, claimed to have signed up 1,000 men in Johannesburg, and that 4,000 would participate in the coup. Merc volunteers were to be provided with fake passports, modern weapons and pay would be deposited in banks of their choice.

Lorenzo told Taylor:

"Training is not essential. All we are interested in is numbers. But if you would like some training I could give you a letter to a man in Malawi. It might help you to stay alive."

On 23 April, the South African Minister of Defense, P.W. Botha, reaffirmed his government's opposition to mercenary recruitment, stating that if individuals wished to protect their country they should join the South African Defense Force. Knowledgeable observers believe South Africa will suppress any blatant merc operation as long as Prime Minister Vorster continues to work toward a detente with black Africa.

Reports indicate that there are mercs operating in Cabinda, a small oil-rich region being developed by Gulf Oil, which lies to the north of Angola along the coast. (The Cabinda black "liberation" movement fell apart after Gulf started drilling, as the majority of the guerrillas went to work in the oil fields.) The Zaire backed FLEC (Front for the Liberation of the Enclave of Cabinda) has used mercs — a French merc officer was captured by the Portuguese late last year.

Continued on next page



5 Commando in formation one hour after the capture of Stanleyville.

Right: Members of 5 Commando relax by an M8 armored car shortly after capturing Watsa.

Lower right: All of the above mercs were shot or wounded shortly after this photo was taken.



Two members of the 5 Commando pose with the first Chinese Communist .50 cal. heavy machine gun captured in Stanleyville.



In evaluating the various abortive merce operations, one of our contacts in Southern Africa reports:

"My friend 'Pierre' who saw service with 5 Commando, the Rhodesian Light Infantry, and in Malawi, reported the latest merc effort was sponsored by a group of disgruntled Mocambique business men who were making another feeble try to put together a merc army.

The call for mercs may yet go out but I doubt if the funds will be available. The proverbial, mysterious 'millionaire' never materializes. Somehow these monkeys lose sight of the fact that no millionaire, let alone a dozen of

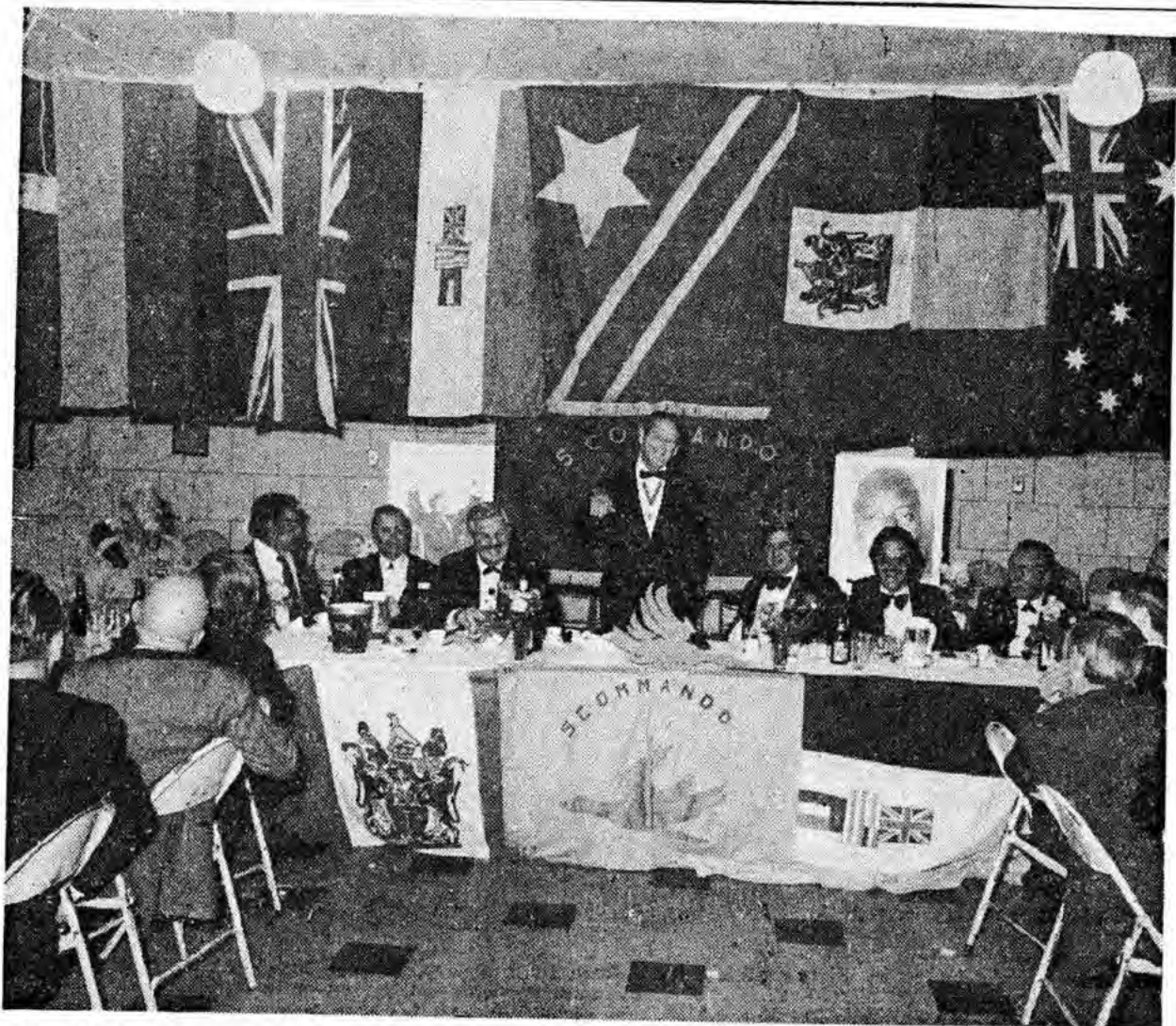
them, could finance a full scale merce army. To take Mocambique would take at least 4,000 mercs over a six month period. Of course, should ex-Green Berets be available in say half that quantity, then we could take it in three months.

The economics of such an operation are staggering. Seven hundred officers controlling 4,000 mercs averaging \$2,000 per month over a six month period would cost out at \$5,640,000. And that's just salaries! That's why I take all this bullshit with a bit of salt. No person or group of persons could launch such an operation and sustain it.

South Africa is 'stable' for at least a year. Mocambique I'll give

till Independence then all hell breaks loose if not before. FRELIMO has only the backing of a minority, representing a single northern tribe. Several guys here are already dealing in arms to FRELIMO opposition, so if FRELIMO makes and offer say 'No!' Mocambique is destitute. Nobody trades in their currency. Russia sent in a couple of boat loads of arms — mostly AK's — of which 70% vanished from the docks. It was supposed to go to FRELIMO. Ha. Ha."

Will the "Wild Geese" fly again? The mercs feel its not "if" but "when" and "where."



Colonel 'Mad Mike' Hoare addresses a gathering of mercenary veterans of his 5 Commando, celebrating the 10th anniversary of the liberation of Stanleyville. The name, 'Wild Goose,' was originally given to the Irish mercenaries who fought with distinction for three centuries all over the world.

American Mercenaries In AFRICA

by

Maj. Robert K. Brown (USAR)

How does an American become a mercenary in Africa? Why would one want to? I found the answers to both of these questions and a few more when I visited Rhodesia during the spring of 1974.

While in Madrid, co-authoring a book on the CIA and Cuban exiles, I received a lengthy letter from "Mitchell McNair," describing his experiences chasing terrorists on the Rhodesian-Zambian-Mozambique border, as a member of the mercenary-staffed British South African Support Unit. A *nom de guerre* is appropriate in order to preclude McNair from being hassled by the federal authorities when he returns to the U.S.

Work on the book was abruptly terminated when my partner was ordered to Lisbon to cover the coup in Lisbon. I decided to tag along and we roared into Lisbon in his 1969 red Matra, 12 hours after the coup. When it became apparent he would be covering the Lisbon scene for an indeterminate time, I caught a flight to Salisbury via Johannesburg. I wanted to take a first hand look at Rhodesia's nasty little "terrorist" war and see if I could link up with McNair whom I had corresponded with over the years but had never met.

By chance, McNair returned from a six-week patrol in the bush while I was in Salisbury. We met and spent days together, during which we reconnoitered the terrorist-infiltrated northeast frontier area around Mt. Darwin. McNair's story of how he ended up hunting terrorists or "terrs" as the Rhodesians call them, is one of perseverance.

He had alternated several semesters in college with race car driving in Australia and England and finally gave up the books. Over the next five years he jacked around as a longshoreman, off-shore roughneck, deep sea diver and professional hunter. He decided combat would be a good test of his mettle, but was rejected by the U.S. Army because of arthritis. Then he discovered Rhodesia was involved in a nasty little-known war with communist-funded, trained, and equipped terrorists.

He applied for the Rhodesian Army's OCS program but was rejected as being over-age. He journeyed to Rhodesia at his own expense in hopes of obtaining a waiver on his age but once again was turned down. Subsequently he joined the Rhodesian national police, or British South Africa Police (BSAP), a title the Rhodesians have carried over from their previous association with the British.

Though McNair had had no formal military or police experience, he was only required to complete four weeks of counter-insurgency training, due to his wide ranging background and familiarity with small arms. He later attended the BSAP small arms school and driving school.

As might be expected, McNair



requested assignment to the hottest spot in Rhodesia — Mt. Darwin, a small agricultural center near the border of Rhodesia and Mozambique, that was being infiltrated by terrors, staging out of Zambia and Mozambique.

After six months of police duty, McNair requested transfer to the BSAP Support Unit. Somewhat unique in the annals of military history, the elite Support Unit is staffed with between 30 to 40 European mercenaries and 300 black Rhodesians at this time. Their sole mission is tracking down and eliminating terrors.

"I received an immediate approval on my transfer request as the local Support Unit instructor had seen me operate in the bush," McNair explained. "I also had a reputation of being a damn good shot."

McNair commanded eight Africans as an acting section officer. During the next year, he and his section spent most of their time on six-week patrols in the

Subsequently, McNair was in the Mukumbura base camp when it was hit with an attack of 122mm Russian-manufactured rockets. On 18 September 1973, his Land Rover hit a land mine while he was leading a reaction force to counter an attack on a white farmer's compound. Though it demolished the vehicle, McNair escaped with a slight concussion and a temporary eye injury.

Perhaps, at this point, I should mention that the word mercenaries or "mercs," as they are called in Southern Africa, often conjures up a picture of grizzled, devil-may-care troopers who fought in the Congo, in Biafra, the Sudan and other African hotspots.

However, the Americans, Australians, New Zealanders and Europeans serving with the Rhodesians, are part-and-parcel of the Rhodesian security forces and subject to the same type of rules and regulations utilized by any modern army.



Above: Support Unit personnel dismount from a South African-manufactured 'Rhino' — a vehicle designed for combat in the bush.



Left: Front view of the Rhino. Design allows driver and troops increased visibility.

desolate, wild Zambezi Valley which counts more rhino, buffalo and elephants than humans. This valley serves as a natural buffer between the Zambezi River and where 750,000 Africans and 13,000 whites live on a rich farming plateau half-a-mile above the valley.

In the ensuing months, McNair had a steady diet of hot, dusty, patrolling which was interspersed with a few hours of violent action.

In July 1973, a band of "terrors" kidnapped 250 children from the St. Alberts mission and attempted to spirit them back to their sanctuaries in Zambia.

"We were ordered to rescue the students and were able to effect the release of most of them," McNair recollected. "When the terrors have to resort to this type of coercion, it's damn hard to understand that people who oppose the Rhodesian government can really believe the terrors have the support of the mass of the black Rhodesians."

Below: McNair 'relaxes' on leave, by spending his time with a farmer on the terror-threatened frontier. He carries a .45 auto in shoulder holster. The farmer holds a Mauser taken off a German officer during WWI.



The enemy are black terrorists, who infiltrate across the northeast frontier to attack the white farmers and intimidate the black Rhodesians. Normally, they operate in squad-size units, and employ assassination, mutilation, arson, rape and looting to obtain their ends.

The terrors are well-armed with communist-manufactured and supplied small arms, including the venerable AK-47, RPG rocket launchers and a variety of communist-manufactured landmines. There have even been unconfirmed reports of hand-held, heat-seeking Strella missiles being employed against Rhodesian aircraft.

McNair and his comrades hold the

a loud explosion where he had noticed the movement," McNair chuckled. "Apparently, the terror held the grenade and threw the pin!"

Rhodesian troopers also have a low regard for the Portuguese, who decided to call it quits in Mozambique.

"They didn't want to go into the bush," McNair stated. "They were as road-bound as the U.S. troops in Vietnam. We carry the fight to the enemy. When we get a lead on a terror band, we track them down."

The BSAP Support Unit was initially staffed by hardened white mercenary vets from the Congo in the mid-sixties, and given a mission of riot control. Their

Headquarters in Salisbury. While in the bush, they live out of their 60 lb. packs, and supplement their dried rations by shooting game. No daily chopper resupply, like in Vietnam.

The R-1, the South African manufactured version of the 7.62mm FAL assault rifle, is their main weapon. They also have a few 1941 Mark II Bren guns which have been altered to take the 7.62mm round. Support Unit personnel carry a variety of pistols and occasionally can be seen with a 9mm Sterling SMG or SMG captured from the terrors.

Terrors are not the only enemy in the bush, McNair points out. Almost everyone contracts bilharzia, a



Armed with the R-1, the South African version of the FAL assault rifle, members of the elite merc-staffed BSAP's Support Unit, check out all African Kraal. Casual attire belies effectiveness.

terror's courage in fire fights and general combat effectiveness in low regard. For the most part, the terrors have avoided any pitched battles, preferring hit-and-run attacks on isolated farms and attacks on unarmed blacks. McNair points out that the terrors are inept marksmen and stupid, as well. While in Rhodesia, one of the stories making the rounds of the mess halls, concerned an attack on a vehicle drive by a white farmer.

"The farmer noticed movement in the bush next to the road, heard a clink on the hood of the Rover, which was followed by

mission was changed to providing security and ceremonial functions when Rhodesian leaders determined the unit's personnel had quelled riots with excessive force. However, with the increase of terror activity, the Support Unit was committed to a full-time anti-terror mission.

Eight troops make up the Support Unit, and each troop consists of four sections of eight or nine Africans and one white section leader. Their normal routine consists of six week patrols in the bush, followed by one week at BSAP

microscopic parasite which enters the body through the skin upon contact with stream or lake water.

"The little bastards flow through the blood stream to the liver, where they incubate for six to eight weeks," McNair noted. "Then they attacked the nervous system, making you listless and sluggish."

"There are many species of bilharzia," McNair continued. "I was infected twice, but kicked it with medication. Africans cannot resist pissing in streams, so the

Continued on page 27

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MERCENARIES . . .

Continued from page 25

parasite is continually spread."

McNair also suffered through two nearly fatal bouts of cerebral malaria.

As is the case with most low-level insurgencies, the terr war in Rhodesia finds most of the counter-insurgent forces frustrated by the continued game of hide-and-seek with the enemy. Weeks and months of daily patrols and nightly ambushes may result in nothing more than sore feet and distaste for dried rations. Obviously, it is not a job for the faint-of-heart or the impatient.

A superintendent of the BSAP told me that most recruits are obtained by word-of-mouth as the U.N. sanctions against Rhodesia have precluded establishing recruiting offices or advertising in foreign countries.

"After we put together a comprehensive file on a volunteer and he is accepted, he is invited to Rhodesia," the Superintendent noted. "We pay all travel expenses in advance, or reimburse the volunteer once he arrives. If the volunteer fails to pass the interviews with the Recruit Selection Board, we refer him to the immigration department. If he cannot find employment or desires to return home, the Rhodesian government will repatriate him at government expense."

It was pointed out that the BSAP is primarily looking for young men willing to be trained.

The BSAP Depot, home of the Support Unit, is a large complex housing some 3,000, and includes training facilities, a sports field, recreation areas and an auditorium.

Training courses vary in length. Regular patrol officer recruits attend a basic course for four and a half months, which is followed by a two-week course at the driving school, where one learns to handle both Land Rovers and motorcycles in all types of terrain.

Basic training covers physical training, hand-to-hand combat, close order drill, police procedure, accident investigation, counter-insurgency, first aid, radio procedure, typing and riot control. BSAP personnel serve tours with the Police Anti-terrorist Units (PATU), which consist of four European officers and one African constable. They receive extensive training in small unit operations, patrolling ambush and counter-ambush tactics and combat fire techniques, before being committed. Once chosen, these men are grouped into teams who remain together during further training and operations. Advanced training includes bushcraft, camouflage and concealment technique, courses in map-reading, terrorist procedures and immediate action drills.

Apparently, the recruiting procedure has been relaxed a bit, and the pay scale

somewhat increased since I left Rhodesia.

Major Nick Lamprecht, a Recruiting Officer for the Rhodesian Army, told me all volunteers must pass a two-hour interview conducted by five field grade officers.

"There is not much difference between our operational procedure and that of the British or Australians," Lamprecht suggested. "We are much more 'ground-oriented' than the American Army. We do not use air and artillery to the degree you did in Vietnam. If we take fire from a kraal, we go in and get the sniper."

"We prefer single men," Lamprecht continued, "as we have found that wives have difficulty in adjusting. Volunteers must be fit, rough and capable of operating effectively on their own or in small groups. We also prefer volunteers who will accept a three-year tour of duty; who will make a good Rhodesian."

Additional information may be obtained by writing to:

Recruiting Officer
British South African Police
General Headquarters
P.O. Box 8007
Causeway
Salisbury, Rhodesia

and
Recruiting Officer
Army Headquarters
P.O. Box 7720
Causeway
Salisbury, Rhodesia

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Rhodesian Army

1. Completed application and medical form should be accompanied by certified, true copies of the following:

- Birth certificate.
- Two references (We would suggest obtaining these from superior NCO's or officers).

c. Any other relevant documents (We would suggest including all military citations, awards, certificates of completion of military schools, letters of commendation and recommendation, as well as a copy of your DD214).

British South Africa Police

1. A two-tour Vietnam Special Forces veteran, who is emigrating to Rhodesia, reports the following:

- He has been appointed a section leader with the BSAP Support Unit;
- Pay equivalent to \$1600 American dollars per month, which can be paid into a foreign bank (The Support Unit's anti-terrorist mission requires six-week patrols in the bush, a week break, and another six weeks in the bush. We assume that this is the explanation for the comparatively high rate of pay.);
- Upon acceptance, the BSAP will pay your air fare to Salisbury and will provide you, in advance, with a Rhodesian passport;
- Immigrants are not subject to income taxes for two years. Personal possessions, including cars may be imported duty-free;
- This vet submitted his application in early February and received confirmation of appointment on 18 March.

General Comments

- Personal weapons may be imported if you have been accepted into the security forces. The price of handguns is high. An American serving with the BSAP Support Unit was offered \$700 American dollars for his G.I. issue .45.
- All imported items are expensive. Therefore, it would be wise to take a large quantity of film, a camera, tape recorder, radio, etc., with you. Scotch is scarce and high-priced.



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Members of the Rhodesian African Rifles have little love for the black terrorist liberation movements as most of the terrorist assassinations are directed against black Rhodesians.

I came back from Rhodesia filled with excitement, enthusiasm, and tension. The excitement was caused by the marvelous countryside — wild, wide and beautiful. The enthusiasm was for the wonderful people I met there, and their warm hospitality extended to a citizen of a nation whose policy toward theirs is best described as befuddled bullying. And the tension, of course, was due to the peril that faces that embattled outpost of European Civilization — a peril well-met for the present, but little noticed by those who are not actually on the scene. As is not unusual historically, here is a situation in which general catastrophe is being fended off by a handful, while those they defend eat, drink, and be merry, unaware of what is at stake.

It is dreadfully frustrating to speak on this subject. When a couple of my Rhodesian friends asked me what Americans think of their struggle, I could only answer sheepishly that the generality of Americans not only don't

know about their struggle, they don't even know what sort of a country Rhodesia is. They absolutely do not know that America's future is directly dependent upon that of Rhodesia. Most Americans know — now — about Arabian oil. Few know — yet — about Rhodesian chromium. But the simple fact is that one cannot make modern weapons without steel; one cannot make high-quality steel without chromium; and if Rhodesia falls — which is the earnest goal of the Left in general and of the so-called "Third World" in particular — all of the known chromium sources on the planet will lie in the hands of powers inimical to the West. In this sense, the frontier of the civilization of which the United States is a part lies on the Zambezi River.

Rhodesia is an oval-shaped, independent republic in the heart of Southern Africa, landlocked between the Limpopo River on the south and the Zambezi on the north. In the days of empire it was known as Southern

Rhodesia, since what is now known as Zambia was then Northern Rhodesia. It is the size of California, and lies about as far south of the equator as the Valley of Mexico lies to the north. It is an open land of big distances, but almost entirely wooded, without any true desert. Its highlands reach 8500' on its eastern frontier with Mozambique, and its lowlands form the Zambezi trench on the north. Its southern border with the Republic of South Africa is open and friendly. To the southwest lies Botswana, at present reasonably secure. But northwest, north, and east there is danger. The President of Zambia wants to invade, and with the 1974 coup in Portugal, Mozambique may be expected to change from a disordered guerrilla territory into an organized enemy state, directed from the Chicom base at Dar-es-Salaam. So Rhodesia now forms a salient of civilization extending into and bordered on three sides by chaos. It lives by skill, courage, and good cheer reminiscent of the vanished Britain of 1940. It menaces no one, and it asks only to be let alone to work out its own destiny.

Rhodesia is a new nation, founded by Cecil Rhodes in 1890. It has been inhabited since pre-history by a succession of little-known peoples including that vanished race which built the curious stone city of Zimbabwe in the eighth century. Its current Bantu population is mainly Mashona and Matabele, who entered the land in the fourteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively, and who are traditional enemies. The Matabele would almost surely have achieved their purpose of exterminating the Mashona if the Europeans had not appeared on the scene. These Europeans were of British stock (with a prominent Scottish element) and Rhodesia today is an English-speaking nation. Unlike most other colonial offshoots of England, it was settled more by winners than losers, and this has resulted in a society composed mainly of what an educationalist would call "high-achievers." (Standardized I.Q. tests rate Rhodesian children some 10 above the norm for English-speaking children, world-wide.) The total European population is about a quarter of a million, while the Bantu

ive View To The tments' Position

people number some 5½ million, making Rhodesia one of the smallest nations in the world. The "Europeans" pay 97½% of the taxes, though they own only about 50 of the land.

The common journalistic term for the Rhodesian regime is "white minority," the implication being that 250,000 white Rhodesians hold several million black Rhodesians in some sort of forcible subjugation. The facts of this matter are rather otherwise, but seldom aired abroad. In Rhodesia skin color is not considered in voting procedures. One may vote if he (1) has a high-school education or equivalent, (2) owns a small amount of real property, or (3) earns a very modest income. (Schooling is free and public.) Such limitations on the franchise are denounced in some circles in terms that would be ludicrous if they were not taken so seriously. It is true that the white population outvotes the black by a large ratio, but if this constitutes subjugation it must certainly be termed an optional subjugation, comparable to that in a well-run household in which everybody is expected to wash up before coming to the dinner table.

What obtains then, in Rhodesia, is a developing "western" nation, complete with modern conveniences, inheriting British traditions and life-styles, superimposed upon a Bantu tribal region which contains both educated, twentieth-century blacks and a larger number of what used to be called aborigines. The present government is trying to promote a system of bicultural evolution which can bring the tribesmen into modern times without destroying the nation that five generations of white pioneers have carved out of the wilderness. To the degree that they are succeeding they are abhorred by the black African states to the north, who have pretty thoroughly demonstrated that they cannot do this. Those innocents who are not faced with these problems may chant "One man, one vote" like Orwell's sheep, but one cannot but wonder what they would say if this meant, literally, giving Manhattan back to the Indians.

That is exactly what Britain told the Rhodesians to do, some ten years back. The Rhodesian response was something like "Thanks, but no thanks." Britain

insisted. The result, on 11 November, 1965, was the Unilateral Declaration of Independence (U.D.I.) and the birth of a nation. (It is interesting that the chief executive of Rhodesia, then as now, had been a Spitfire pilot in WW II, whereas his opposite number, then as now, had been a "conscientious objector.")

This U.D.I. makes Rhodesia a "non-nation" in most chancelleries, since it is easy to be high-handed with a very small country. For the United States of America to anathematize an ex-British colony for declaring itself independent of Britain — unilaterally — is, to put it mildly, peculiar. But we do not recognize Rhodesia today. Evidently the Rhodesians took our example all too literally.

When one asks our State Department about this oddity they offer a triple ploy. First they say that Rhodesia, while following our own rebel example, is in rebellion against Britain, who is now our staunch ally. (Did you notice how

staunchly Britain came to our aid in Viet Nam? Rhodesia, on the other hand, offered a battalion.)

If you cast that foolishness aside, the second response is that Rhodesia does not practice majority rule. (They really have a hard time saying this with a straight face. If the U.S. associated only with majority-rule regimes we would be down to about 20 out of the world's 140-odd sovereign states. And even if we did hold that the one-man one-vote principle was the absolute be-all and end-all of political morality, we are formally committed to the policy that we do not interfere with other people's internal affairs.)

Pressed further, State finally comes out with it. We must at all costs balance the Third World against the Soviet Bloc in the United Nations. The Third World (Arabs and black African states) looks upon Southern Africa with what can only be described as a psychotic frenzy. The official word is "Get Whitey! Reason,



The capital of Rhodesia. Small and friendly. Less police are in evidence than most large metropolitan areas, helping the terrorists claim that the black populace is seething with discontent.



justice, and even self-interest have nothing to do with the case. He who is not for us is against us, and we number scores of millions, against a besieged outpost of 250,000. Get Whitey!"

So the U.S., as a nation, feels that it must excoriate a tiny and absolutely unaggressive group of people who would like to be our friends, while at the same time it grovels diplomatically before huge and alien power masses who are our declared and dedicated enemies. There is a word for that, but it sticks in the throat of one who had thought better of his country.

So much, however, for the morals of the case. Outside pressure hurts Rhodesia, and certainly it hurts more

socially than it does economically, but it does not daunt.

In the words of Ian Smith, Prime Minister:

"We believe in evolutionary change, not revolution. More than 50 years ago Rhodesians chose the course of responsible government.

"From that time on it has always been accepted that Rhodesia was the home of all its peoples and was shared equitably between them.

"With the passage of time, this philosophy has been more and more firmly entrenched with complete justification.

"We have no other home, we

have no other country. We are white Rhodesians and, in a more general term, white Africans, and have just as much right to our position here as have our fellow black Rhodesians.

"I have never heard a contrary argument and if there is one I would like to know what it is.

"If anyone believes that such people are going to allow themselves to be pushed around in their own country then they are out of their minds.

"However, there is a corollary to this — if anyone believes that the Rhodesian European, because of his present position in the seat, can push around Rhodesians of a different colour, then he is living in a fool's paradise."



Above: Members of the Rhodesian Light Infantry on patrol. This unit is considered by many military experts to rank amongst the best light infantry in the world.

Left: A gun jeep patrol of the 1st Battalion of the Rhodesian African Rifles near the Zambezi River.

These are not the words of an unreasonable man, nor of a political innocent, nor of a racist, nor of a coward.

Inside Rhodesia at this time the mood — insofar as I could assess it on a short visit — is tense but cheerful. Nothing unites nor enlivens like the threat of a common enemy, and morale, especially in the armed forces, is superb. Black and white Rhodesians serve side by side in the army, and they know absolutely what they are fighting for. And there is fighting — all of it on Rhodesian soil, for Rhodesia has never committed any act of aggression. From Zambia and from Mozambique invaders come in small bands by night. They call themselves "Freedom Fighters," but the term is hard to explain to those — predominantly black — whom they murder. Certainly they do not persuade the Shona troopers in the Rhodesian African Rifles, with whom I spent a day up on the frontier. The most solid of all military motives is the defense of one's native soil, and that is what the Rhodesian soldier is about. "They come into our country without the right. They kill our people. They kill our cattle. They steal our food. So we kill them. We always win."

And they do. The "terrorists," as the invaders are known in Rhodesia, are armed with light machine-guns and assault carbines made in Red China (Soviet types RPD and AK-47), light rockets and mines. They plant mines, they murder, and they run. Normally they are pursued and destroyed by security forces who know the country better than they, and who are better motivated. Also the Rhodesians, while always short of numbers, are better trained, have excellent information sources from victimized tribesmen, better communications, and use the South African R-1 auto-rifle, which has the legs on the AK-47.

The mines are the worst. A man quite ready to die in a fight may still be very nervous about tripping a mine set weeks ago by someone long gone, and possibly since captured or killed. It is difficult to respect a man who is willing to set a lethal trap for anyone who comes along, without risk to himself or any interest in the outcome. If this is "fighting for freedom" it is certainly the least heroic version one can imagine.

Continued on page 66

Above: Rhodesian security forces conducting anti-terrorist operations. Right: Personnel of the Rhodesian African Rifles on patrol armed with M.A.G. machine gun and R-1 rifles.



A Letter From Lee E. Jurras

May 12, 1975

Robert K. Brown, Publisher
Soldier of Fortune
Box 582
Arvada, CO 80001

Dear Bob,

The entire unit consists of the highly modified 8½" barreled .357 AMP, scoped, two magazines, clip depressor, box of ammunition and detachable shoulder stock, all packed in a custom compartmented Belting leather attache-type case. The purchasers' initials are burned in and the combination lock is set for his birthday. In other words a very personalized item. There will be 25 only of these units built to these specifications with serial number LEJ-01 being kept by myself and serial number LEJ-02 will be sent to Italy to be very elaborately engraved. The balance of the 23 will be sold to the discriminating sportsman throughout the world.

For the serious sheep hunter, who enjoys the hunt and stalk, this has to be probably the world's lightest combination for sheep hunting, where weight is the all important item above the ten thousand foot level; or for the international sportsman who might care to engage in a bit of chamois hunting while on a quick business trip to Europe, yet does not want to be encumbered with a bulky rifle.

We are not announcing or discussing price on the L. E. JURRAS CUSTOM MODEL 200/INTERNATIONAL; it's priced and shown by appointment only. Color photos are available to individuals overseas, and at the time of this writing, there are approximately 13 guns left for sale. This exotic item was designed for the affluent sportsman and collector only, and unless one wants to discuss prices in the middle four figure range, we shan't waste one another's time.

Again, this is built for the discriminating sportsman who has everything, yet might want to own one of 25 of the world's most exclusive exotic hunting handguns. For the true sportsman, we still have two pair of consecutive serial numbers. Serial numbers will read LEJ-01 through LEJ-24; serial number LEJ-25 will be deleted; being replaced with LEJ-29. This was done as a service for a customer who happens to be a collector of serial number 29's. Each gun is accompanied with an affidavit to the effect that there will only be 25 of these built.

As previously mentioned, the standard .357 AMP loading with this barrel length developed 2,000 f.p.s. velocity. With scope and shoulder stock, this makes it a very realistic 250 yard meat and game gun. I have on two occasions, taken medium game at over 200 yards with the same load in the unscoped version. Naturally the gun can be fired with or without

the detachable shoulder stock.

I am working on a version similar to this with collapsible shoulder stock for law enforcement agencies and S.W.A.T. teams that would require ultra lightweight weapons that offer rifle capabilities but much lighter in weight and a much longer range.

I thought when I started in with the Auto Mag I was going to have a bit more time and be in almost a near state of semi-retirement. However the transition is a bit hectic. Once I get my move made to New Mexico and get set up, things will start to take shape and I'll be able to concentrate a bit more on writing.

I'll touch lightly on the topic of the mini-sniper system, referred to as L. E. JURRAS CUSTOM MODEL 200/INTERNATIONAL. Let's refer to it as the world's most exotic and or expensive hunting handgun or, as the A. T. & F. refers to it as the "short rifle". The limited edition is naturally as much show as go. The entire gun is hand polished inside and out, with all moving parts lapped or matched for optimum reliability.

The titanium scope base and stainless rings are the result of many months of test and evaluation, looking for the optimum combination suitable for the recoil on this weapon. From the standpoint of actual free recoil, it is virtually nil in this combination. However, the first .400" of travel, during which time the barrel extension makes contact with the accelerator, it does subject the scope and mounts to a rather violent movement. Nonetheless, this combination works beautifully.

In my way of thinking and experience, the M8-2X Leupold is the only scope of quality with continuous usage in a big bore handgun. With the exception of the scope and grips, the entire gun is stainless steel. The grips are laminated, made of a combination of Gaboon Ebony and Holly. The scope, gun, two magazines and shoulder stock all carry the same serial numbers. The .357 AMP cartridge, using our standard loading of the 137 fr. JSP bullet at 2,000 f.p.s., from the 8½" barrel, has proved most satisfactory on medium game in both the U.S. and Africa at ranges out to and including 250 yards.

Best regards,
Lee E. Jurras
LEJ:rh

THE AUTO MAG MINI-SNIPER SYSTEM



THE AMAZING Israeli Galil Assault Rifle

THE GALIL ASSAULT RIFLE: WHAT IS IT?

Some time back weapons-conscious readers noted references in newspapers to an "amazing", new, 5.56mm, assault rifle announced by Israel. Much was made of its being "totally new" and of its ability to open soda-bottles, cut barbed wire, and the like.

Naturally, upon reading such, I contacted Israeli sources for further information on this interesting new infantry weapon. At the time I got nothing but a deaf ear — however, since that time, we've been able to acquire an interesting accumulation of material about the Galil Assault Rifle (GAR). Unfortunately, we still haven't been able to arrange a firing session, though we have talked to people who were present during Israeli tests of the weapon.

From all this we've been able to determine that there has been a good bit of Madison-Avenue promotion done without any great regard for truth or fact. In fact, one well-known military small arms writer has egg on his face for repeating certain Israeli claims in print when the accompanying photos contradicted them.

Be all that as it may, the Israeli Galil rifle was developed jointly by Israel Galili and Mr. Lior, and is the latest development in its field. It is probably the most heavily and abusively tested arm of its type to be recently adopted by any power. Tests of the rifle that were conducted in the Sinai were almost more than the human testers could bear, while the Galil came through with flying colors. It was further subjected to severe arctic environmental tests to minus 40 degrees centigrade. According to official defense department reports, results in the cold-weather environment were quite satisfactory.

In any event, the Galil is a modern caliber 5.56mm, selective-fire, gas-operated assault rifle. It is intended as a multiple-purpose, basic weapon for the infantry squad. It is intended to serve the purposes of semi-auto rifle, LMG (light machine gun), and launcher for anti-personnel and anti-tank grenades. With accessory scope and mount, it also serves as a sniping rifle. Provisions are made for a bayonet and bipod, and the integral flash suppressor serves as a grenade launching device.

Theoretical cyclic rate of fire in the full-auto mode is a relatively slow 650 rounds per minute. Magazines for rifle

In overall configurations, the Galil is similar to several other post-WWII rifles, such as the FN/FAL, HKG3, etc. It is shown here with the optional wood buttstock, rather than the standard, folding, metal tube design.



use contain 35 rounds of ball; a 50-round magazine is supplied for the LMG role. A special 12 round magazine is used for grenade launching cartridges. A metal-tube folding buttstock is standard, and all controls (magazine catch, safety, selector lever, and operating handle) are designed for ambidextrous operation. A pivoted carrying handle is provided at the balance point, and is positioned so that the weapon cants outward to clear the soldier's legs when running.

To expand the GAR's tactical versatility, there is a SAR (Short Assault Rifle) version that assumes SMG configuration with stock folded. It is simply the basic rifle with a shortened barrel with most other parts interchangeable.

Sights are conventional but unusually rugged. The post-type front sight is completely encircled by a tubular guard. This not only protects it, but insures uniform illumination in bright light. The rear element is of simple aperture type with 300 and 500-meter, flip-up legs. In addition, there is a folding night sight at both front and rear. Merely placing the single, luminous spot of the front sight between two similar spots at the rear places the bullet on target at close ranges.

The Galil is not especially light at 3.9 Kg (about 8.6 pounds) when compared to the U.S. M16, but when properly applied weight increases both reliability and full-auto controllability. It is still lighter than



AMAZING NEW Israeli Assault Rifle

by Maj. George C. Nonte



some other assault rifles introduced in recent years. It is quite compact at 97 cm with stock extended and 74 cm with stock folded.

Excellent handling characteristics are attributed to the Galil. However, its extreme similarity in layout and weight distribution to the Soviet AK series would lead one to expect it to be quite muzzle-heavy. Certainly the AK47 and Finnish M60 adaptation feel that way.

Reference to the AK47 brings to mind the most prominent thing about the Galil rifle. The very first rifles (less than a dozen) were captured (7-Day War) AK47s modified to 5.56mm caliber by Israel Galili. The modification consisted of installing a Stoner 5.56mm barrel (somewhat altered), a Stoner 5.56mm magazine and spacers, and changing the bolt face to suit the smaller diameter (than the Soviet M43 cartridge) 5.56mm round. This adaptation performed quite well and was presented as a possible means of utilizing captured weapons (the 1967 war produced tens of thousands of AK47s) without tooling to produce the 7.62x39mm cartridge. Further testing and development resulted in the assembly in Israel of a number of rifles built up on Finnish M60 receivers; the M60 is simply Finland's adaptation of the AK47. All this came about as a result of a pre-existing Israeli requirement for a modern 5.56mm assault rifle to replace the 20-year-old Belgian FAL 7.62mm

rifle. At this point Lior and Galili's efforts were no longer aimed at a 5.56mm conversion of captured SKs, but at a newly-manufactured rifle using the basic AK47 fire control bolt mechanism. This was, of course, a wise move — the AK is well known for its durability and reliability and has doubtless seen more actual combat than any other post-WWII rifle. At that time, the AK had the advantage of nearly a quarter-century experience, both in field service and in mass production. In other words, the basic design had been thoroughly debugged. To copy it would eliminate much of the potential development problems certain to be encountered in a totally new design.

So, as a practical matter, Galili copied the machined-receiver version of the AK47 action and gas operating system. Refinements have been added, of course, but the basic mechanism remains essentially the same.

The abominable, massive safety lever of the AK has been replaced with a simpler and more easily operated, short, thumb lever. The operating handle was bent upward to become ambidextrous, and the ejection port sealing has been improved to resist the entry of sand. We are advised that while parts are similar to those of the AK-47, there is no interchangeability with the definitive GAR.

Other items are changed to suit Israeli thinking. The folding butt is new, and it folds over the right side of the stock rather than the left as most others. The reason for this is to allow paratroops or mounted troops with the rifle slung across their chests to extend the stock and fire with one hand. If that sounds simple, try it sometime with a left-folding stock. The flash suppressor is original and serves not only as a grenade launcher, but accepts the unusual bayonet which simply slips over it and locks in place. The bipod is also new and incorporates a very simple and effective wire cutter — just fold the legs, hook the hinge over the wire, then push the legs forward to shear through it. The forend is of wood, the only wood on the weapon, though a fixed wood buttstock exists in the event some customer should prefer it over the folding metal design. The sights are new, as we've said, and there is a vertical foregrip available for the SAR for those who feel Col. Thompson had the right idea with his original Tommy Gun.

Wisely, none of these changes detract

Continued on next page



Above: The Galil assault rifle has been adopted as the multi-purpose, basic small arm for the Israeli infantry.

from the basic goodness and unrivaled reliability of the AK. From a production-ease and cost viewpoint, Galili and Lior would probably in this author's opinion, have been better off had he chosen to adapt the AKM rather than the AK. The former possesses all the desirable qualities of the latter, but is based upon a stamped, sheet-steel receiver. Certainly it is far easier and more economical of

credited with development of the AK47. Certainly this has nothing to do with the rifle, but it does make interesting conversation.

We began this dissertation asking, in effect, "What is the Galil?"

Well, it is a superb combat rifle in the current style, a second-generation adaptation of a first-generation design which has been incontrovertably proven

The Galil's stock folds to the right, allowing paratroopers or mounted personnel to extend the stock and fire with one hand, with the rifle slung across their chests.



The Galil, with launcher, is capable of firing a variety of anti-personnel and anti-tank grenades.



manufacture than the complex machined AK47 receiver, which is noted for production difficulties. It would have been simpler, cheaper, and quicker to tool the Israeli plant for the sheet-steel model. We are informed, though, that the machined receiver was chosen for its better capability to withstand the higher pressures and closer tolerances of the 5.56mm cartridge.

Israel Galili, to whom credit goes for the Galil, emigrated to Israel from the U.S.S.R. He was a Russian-born Jew and his name there was Balashnikov; startlingly similar to Kalashnikov who is

in fighting throughout the world. It improves upon a basic design without detracting in the least from its more desirable characteristics. It follows the most recent trend in using the flat-trajectory, high-velocity, U.S.A. 5.56mm cartridge, and in variations serves all the small-arms needs of the infantry squad by Israeli thinking.

It is all that — but reports to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not a new, native, Israeli design. It's a refined AK47 — and when you've said that, you've placed the Galil high on anybody's totem pole.



Characteristic Data

WEAPON

Designation:	GALIL ARM	GALIL SAR
Weapon type:	Assault Rifle, Light Machine Gun	Short Assault Rifle
Origin:	Israel Military Industries	
Operation:	Gas-operated, rotating bolt	
Overall length:	Stock extended 97 cm	82cm
Overall length:	Stock folded 74cm	60cm
Height from bipod feet to barrel center:	28.5cm	
Basic weight:	3.900 kg	3.500 kg
Weight-including bipod and carrying handle:	4.300 kg	

BARREL

Caliber:	5.56mm (.223 inch)	
Number of grooves:	6	
Twist of rifling:	Right-hand, one turn in 300 mm	
Length of barrel:	46cm	33cm

SIGHTS

Foresight:	Post type, with protective battlesight ring, set for 100 meters
Rearsight:	Aperture, "L" flip type
Rearsight settings:	300 and 500 meters
Nightsights:	Folding, luminous, set for 100 meters
Length of line of sight:	47.5cm

FIRE

Modes of fire:	ARM	SAR
Cyclic rate of fire:	Automatic and semi-automatic	
Muzzle velocity:	Approx. 650 rounds/min	
Maximum effective range:	Approx. 980 m/sec	920 m/sec
	600 meters	400 meters

THE 5.56mm ROUND

Ball round, M193:	5.56mm x 57.4mm, jacketed with lead alloy core bullet and 55 grain charge
Weight of complete round:	11.7 gram
Weight of bullet:	3.52 gram

MAGAZINES

Standard magazines:	Steel box-type, arc-shaped, for 35 and 50 rounds
Short magazine:	12-round, for ballistic cartridges
35-round magazine weight:	300 gram empty, 710 gram loaded
50-round magazine weight:	440 gram empty, 1kg loaded

Above: The Galil is shown here with all of its basic combat accessories: three different grenades, bayonet and scabbard, magazines of three different capacities and carrying handle. With bipod extended, it assumes capabilities of a squad automatic weapon or LMG.



Here the Galil is shown field-stripped for cleaning and maintenance. In this photo, anyone who is remotely familiar with the AK47 will immediately notice that the parts, for all practical purposes, are identical.



This cutaway view shows the angled gas part from the barrel into the gas chamber, where propellant gases expand against the face of the piston, to drive the operating rod rearward.



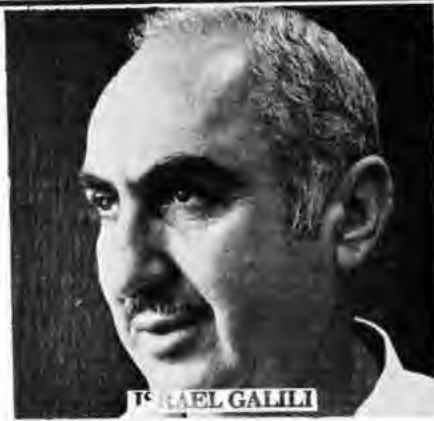
The Galil handles a wide variety of grenades. A special magazine is required for grenade launching cartridges.



The SMG version of the Galil utilizes the receiver and action of the basic GAR with a shortened barrel.



YAACOV LIOR



ISRAEL GALILI

SOME PERSONAL DETAILS ABOUT the men who developed the

"GALIL" 5.56

AUTOMATIC ASSAULT RIFLE

(The name, "GALIL," is a compound
of their surnames: "Galili" and "Lior")

Lior, 53, was born in Merhavia. He is a graduate of the Technical High School attached to the Hebrew Technical of Haifa. He was a member of the underground section responsible for the manufacture of weapons during the British Mandate period, in various capacities, from 1941 to 1947.

From 1947 to 1950, he supervised the organization of manufacturing facilities within the Military Industries. From 1951 to 1955, he was Director of the armaments manufacturing plants.

From 1955 to 1958, he served as a representative of IMI, in the U.S., and concurrently studied Industrial Engineering at the University of Columbia. In 1961, he was awarded the Kaplan prize.

Upon completion of his mission and studies in the U.S. in 1958, he was appointed Director of the Arms Manufacturing Plant and subsequently

Deputy Director General of the Israeli Military Industries. He currently holds both positions.

Galili was born in Mishmar Hayarden in 1923, and has been active in Israeli Military Industries since its inception.

He is a graduate (1940) of the Max Fine Trade School, and served in the British Army from 1941-1946.

One of his first achievements was the development and manufacture of the "DROR" light machine gun. He contributed much to the improvement and perfectioning of the "UZI" and has actively continued in the improvement and manufacture of a wide variety of weapons used by the Israeli Defense Forces.

He is presently Director of the Department of Development, Assembly, and Testing of the Arms Manufacturing Plant.

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YOUNG MAN, single, bondable, can travel, will do anything difficult or dangerous for new or good, used, medium-sized motorcycle. Steve Tappan, Box 1017, Ruidoso, NM 88345

Write Your Congressman!

Yes! Today! Write your Congressman to let him know that you firmly oppose any new anti-gun legislation.

As a result of last year's election, the United States is at the mercy of the most liberal Congress in the history of our nation. Already there are numerous anti-gun bills in the hopper which call for new restrictions on the law abiding gun owner. One calls for the registration of all guns, another calls for the licensing of all gun owners, and the bill introduced by Congressman Michael Harrington (D-Mass.) would totally ban the private ownership of handguns!

There is a strong possibility that several anti-gun bills may become law unless we act. **The threat to your right to own and use firearms is greater today than any time since 1968 when the last Gun Control act was passed.**

Consider the following brief facts . . . and then write your Congressman!—

- (1) *Gun control legislation only succeeds in taking guns out of the hands of the law abiding citizen, the criminal will never turn in his gun or have it registered.*

- (2) *Gun legislation now on the books has had no effect on reducing crime, it has only succeeded in harrassing the law abiding gun owner. Laws should punish the criminal, not the honest citizen!*

- (3) *A gun by itself can kill no one. The simple fact is that people kill people regardless of the weapon.*

- (4) *You, as a private citizen, have the right to possess a firearm for self protection. If government denies this right it is denying the very basic right to life.*

Our founding fathers considered the right of a law abiding individual to own a firearm to be so important that they made it a part of the highest law of the land, the U.S. Constitution. Let us be wary lest we lose this great heritage carefully passed along to us.

So write your Congressman today and support the effort to preserve your right to own and use firearms by joining the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms. **The Committee is the nation's fastest growing and most active organization working to protect the private ownership of firearms.**

☐ Yes, I will join the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms. I understand as a member of the Committee I will receive a membership card, a subscription to the Committee's monthly newsletter POINT BLANK, and all other membership services. My membership fee is enclosed:

☐ \$15 Annual ☐ \$50 Five Year ☐ \$150 Life ☐ \$1,000 Patron

☐ I would like to support the work of the Committee with my contribution of:

☐ \$10 ☐ \$25 ☐ \$50 ☐ \$100 ☐ \$250 ☐ \$500
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Please complete the form shown above and return along with your check to: Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, Bellefield Office Park, 1601 114th, S.E., Suite 151, Bellevue, Washington 98004.

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First Round Kills At 900 Meters: The Springfield Armory M1A and ART



**Now You Can Own A Long Range Weapon System Virtually
Identical To That Used By The Famed U.S. Army Snipers In
Vietnam**

by

James Leatherwood

Now, you can own a M1A ART scope weapons system which is almost identical to the M-21 U.S. Army sniper system used so successfully in Vietnam. The only difference is that the M1A does not have full automatic fire capability.

The commercial version of the M14, the Springfield Armory M1A, has proved a boon to individual high-power marksmen for target shooting in military and civilian matches. The M1A ART system has found favor amongst various SWAT units and provides the ultimate for mercs who plan on a little freelance sniping.

The antecedents of the M1A can be traced back to the birth of the M14. The development of the U.S. M14 rifle, began

in early WWII. Although Gen. Patton called the M1 "the greatest battle implement in the world," it still had problems. One of these was a tendency to "freeze-up" when there was no lubricant on the bolt and operating rod. Exposure to rain in particular produced this condition. Several possible solutions were tried. The ones that were most effective consisted of putting a roller on the bolt lug and changing the gas system to a gas cut-off-gas expansion system. The cut-off expansion unit reduced the speed of unlocking, thereby reducing the force on the bolt lug and operating rod cam. The resulting rifle was called the M1E9.

Although these modifications relieved

the problem, the demand for M1's prevented incorporating these changes in production guns.

In September, 1944, Headquarters, Army Ground Forces requested the following: (a) that the present rifle Cal. 30 M1 be modified to include automatic features which will enable the operator to test and fire the weapon as a semi-automatic or full automatic piece; (b) that automatic fire by means of a light bipod, be equally as effective as the standard B.A.R., at users' discretion, cone of fire and ballistic characteristics; (c) that the mechanism be simple and capable of field stripping, with operation features which would reduce stoppages

to a minimum; (d) that a suitable 20 round bottom feed magazine and a detachable bipod be developed for this weapon.

Although the demand for such a weapon had existed for some time, it was probably increased by the effective German FG42 and the major U.S. Army offensive in progress in Europe. Weapon weight in the defense is no major problem, but when you are constantly moving in an attack, it becomes a serious consideration. The B.A.R. was a very good "base-of-fire weapon" but it weighed 20lbs. The B.A.R. man had to be bigger or tougher to effectively handle that kind of weight. Also, the need for greater fire power for the individual infantryman was becoming evident.

The final version of the selective fire, box magazine M1 was known as the T20E2. The magazine was a modified B.A.R. Mag which would also fit the B.A.R. A muzzle brake and bipod were imbedded. The left side of the receiver was modified to provide a mounting surface for an optical sight. High priority limited procurement of 100,000 guns as approved, but the end of the war cut the order to 100. Of these, only 10 were produced by late 1945. Therefore, with exception of the cartridge, all of the basic components of the M14 were developed by the end of WWII. Other than the position on the barrel, the gas system on the M1E9 was very similar to the M14. The receiver of the T20E2, with the exception of length, was almost the same as the M14, even down to the full-auto mechanism.

The Korean War further confirmed the need for changes in the M1, and the M14 was finally approved in 1960.

As a full-auto squad weapon, the original M14 was less than perfect. Damn near impossible to control is a better statement. Captain Gasney at the Infantry Board in Ft. Benning, was the major force in developing the straight stock and muzzle brake that later became major components of the M14A2. This weapon is controllable and provides a good base-of-fire weapon.

However, probably the high point of the M14 is its use as a sniper rifle. The modifications developed by USAMTU of Ft. Benning turned the M14 into a remarkably accurate weapon. Minute-of-angle groups or less are common. The integral mounting surface and bottom loading make the M14 a natural for a scope sight, and the ART scope gave the U.S. the most sophisticated and accurate sniping system in the world. Its effectiveness was greatly enhanced by proper training and employment of the snipers themselves.

After working with the M14 during the development of the ART scope several years ago, I decided I had to have a legal M14. I purchased an M1 receiver and

Continued on page 73



A Harris ultra-light, spring-activated Model 1A bipod is attached to this M1A/ART combination. The bipod

can be ordered from Harris Engineering, Inc., P.O. Box 305, Fraser, MI 48026



A member of Jim Leatherwood's staff tests a newly-manufactured ART on the M1A. Leatherwood recently purchased ART patent

rights, scope parts and machinery from Realist.



The M1A/ART combination is the most effective long-range, semi-automatic shooting system available. Battle-tested in Vietnam, the military version of the M1A/ART, designated the M21, proved to be rugged and dependable.

A First Time Look Into The OSS's SUPER SECRET SPY LABORATORY DIVISION 19

Butloined From CCA Files

by
Donald McLean

The advancing technology of the past four decades has turned the craft of espionage into a peculiar sub-science all its own, and even the usually pragmatic field of ordnance development has seen some of the zaniness that occurs when an urgent problem is solved with generous funding.

A case in point is the arsenal of "spy" weapons developed for the use of the legendary O.S.S. operatives in World War II. American intelligence and

espionage activity had been handled entirely by the legitimate services until the creation and blossoming of the O.S.S. as a separate agency under the Joint Chiefs. The O.S.S. organization was new, and so was their mission. With a novel relationship to the traditional services, the O.S.S. was charged with gathering intelligence, organizing, training and equipping native resistance groups to operate behind Axis lines. Their accomplishments are a tribute to the brave

and resourceful men who comprised the O.S.S., while the efficiency with which they accomplished these dangerous missions against improbable odds is a tribute to the insight of the elite corps of scientists who envisioned, created and produced this arsenal of special weapons for these special missions. Any specialized craft requires specialized tools; ideology aside, the better the tools, the better the results with median operatives.



A M1911A1 .45 cal. automatic was modified to accept a spigot, over which fit a dart-like projectile. Propellant was contained in the projectile's shaft.

The Bigot





8



9

Deadly Designs Black Bag

1. Testing the W. Rife phosphorous Beano

2. **Beano.** A baseball-shaped grenade, detonated by impact fuse. Premature detonations caused numerous injuries and deaths during testing early models.

3. **Bat Bomb.** A small incendiary device to be attached to bats, which when released from planes, would fly into the attics of Japanese houses. A time delay device would activate the incendiary material.

4. **Aunt Jemima.** A high explosive mixture camouflaged as flour. Still a current clandestine store used by various agencies.

5. **Impact Testing Machine.** This spring-activated weapon fired a .07416 projectile at 154 ft. per second.

6. **William Tell.** This rubber-powered cross bow fired a steel-tipped dart at 180 feet per second.

7. **Little Joe.** Throws a 24 gram dart which will penetrate 12 inches of solid horsemeat at six feet.



2



3



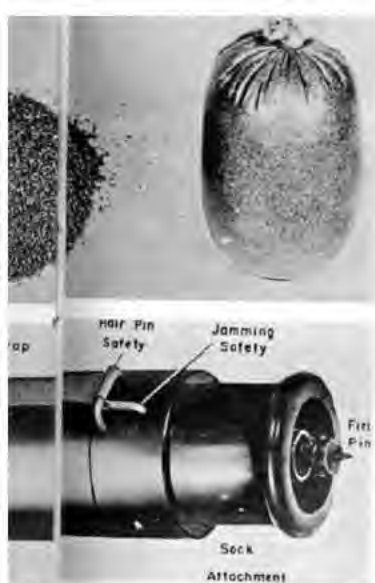
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5



6



From The Super Spy Of Dirty Tricks

8. **Caccolube Turtle Egg.** Consisted of an aluminum-magnesium 50-50 alloy, finely ground cork and dry resin packaged in thin, rubber sheaths. Used to sabotage engines and gasoline stores.

9. **Anerometer.** Designed to detonate in enemy aircraft by an electrically operated barometric switch.

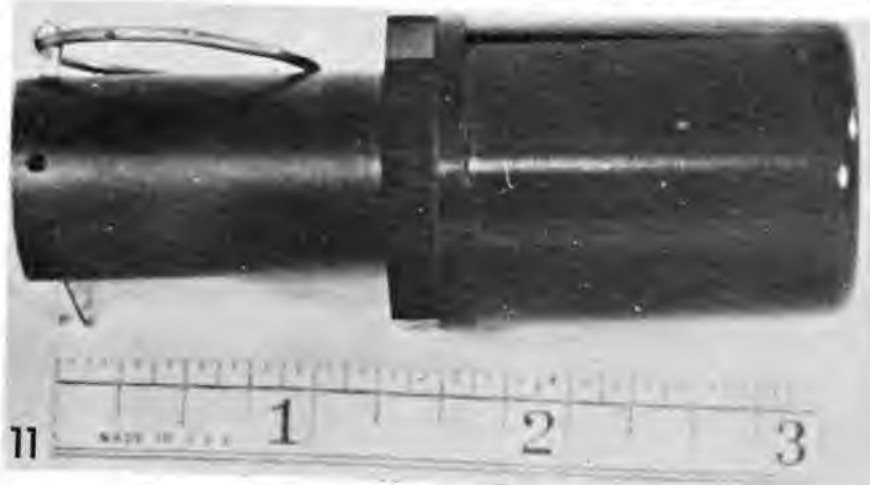
10. Testing the Firefly.

11. **Firefly.** A small grenade designed to be inserted in a fuel tank of a vehicle. The fuel caused a rubber washer to expand, detonating the grenade, rupturing the fuel tank, spreading the fuel and igniting it.

12. **City Slicker.** An oil slick igniter. White lumps in center are carbide, which react immediately with water to form and ignite self-ignite acetylene gas.

13. **Mole.** The mole would explode after a pre-determined time delay on sudden change from daylight to darkness. Used to destroy trains shortly after entering tunnels.

Continued on page 73



Free Lance Par into Peruvia

by
Dr. John Peters



Team personnel don equipment before climbing aboard an ancient Peruvian C-47. American officials in Peru denied the team the use of U.S. C-130's.

The only sound was that of the wind, gently disturbing the dark green parachute canopy above me. I looked up and checked the canopy — everything OK — no blown panels, no line over. As always, now that the chute had opened, I had the feeling of utter aloneness, of being suspended in time as well as in space: below me, Sihaus, Peru, a town high in the rugged South American Andes, the time, mid-June, 1970, shortly after the earthquake of the 31st of May, that devastated a large part of north central Peru, leaving more than 70,000 dead, 50,000 injured and 850,000 homeless.

The silence was broken by the sound of the circling C-47, at 10 o'clock, high above me. I could make out an orange form in the open door; that would be Moore. As if in slow motion, the form separated itself from the aircraft. His chute opened, and it looked as if he would make the ridge above me. On the surface, we were unlikely teammates: Jim Moore, a computer technician from Manhattan Beach, California and myself, a general practitioner from a small town in Southwestern Colorado. We were suspended in the rarified air of the Peruvian Andes, at the request of the government of Peru, to stem the tide of a rumored smallpox epidemic below. 'J.P.,' I thought, 'you're a long way from home . . .'

It was a quiet 2:30 AM at the hospital, and I was chatting with the nurse in the OB ward waiting to deliver a baby.

The phone rang. The nurse answered. "Yes, he is," handing me the phone.

The caller was Jerry Hemming. "I'm with the AMDOC, a medical foundation. We've just been contacted by the Peruvian government. You're aware, I'm sure, of the major earthquake that hit them last week. They have several remote, severely damaged areas that they've been unable to get helicopters or ground-based teams into. They've asked us to find and send, if possible, a medical team with parachute capability, preferably with some high altitude jump experience. We've been told you qualify. Can you get away for a couple of weeks? High risk and no pay, but they tell me the coffee is great!"

I chuckled, "How can I turn down an offer like that? When do we leave?"

"You're already booked on the 11:30 AM United flight out of Grand Junction this morning," he said.

I spent the next few hours making arrangements for my practice; Glenda Sinclair, my office nurse, would take care of all the details. At 11:40 AM I was on my way to Los Angeles, where I would meet the rest of the team at Bob Sinclair's Parachute School and get in-



Jerry Patrick Hemming, far left, and para-med personnel receive briefing from Peruvian Air Commando officers prior to jump.

Para-Medics Jump to the Andes

noculated for tetanus, typhoid, typhus, smallpox, yellow fever, plague, polio, influenza and hepatitis. At 2:00 AM the next morning, 12 of us, who comprised the first team, were on our way south aboard a Peruvian jet liner. A second 12-man team, headed by Maj. Robert K. Brown, Special Forces A-Team leader recently out of Vietnam, would follow three days later.

On the flight south, we were briefed by a Peruvian Army Major and an Air Force Captain. Jump conditions would be less than ideal. All the DZ's (drop zones) would be between 11,000 and 14,000 feet, in remote, mountainous terrain.

We arrived in Lima, Peru, thirteen and-a-half hours later and were taken immediately to the Presidential Palace and were escorted into a large room filled with maps and aerial photos. We were introduced to the members of the Presidential Cabinet, whom President Velasco had designated as his Disaster Committee.

In a few minutes, we were joined by the President himself. He welcomed us to Peru and thanked us for coming. He then turned the meeting over to Gen. Rolando Caro Constantini, the Minister of Health.



Para-medical team personnel arrive in Peru. David Pilisoff, with Star of David on his left sleeve, was an Israeli paratrooper. Ex-SEAL and SOF staff member George "Rip" Bliss is on far left.



SOF staff member Dr. John Peters of Norwood, Colorado, "stands in the door" immediately prior to his jump into the Peruvian Andes.

Constantini informed us of the damage estimates, the terrain, and the types of medical and support problems they were having. He pointed out many locations in the damaged area, such as Jungay and Rhanrhica, two cities that now lay under 35 feet of packed mud. A part of the peak of 22,000 foot Mt. Huanascan had slid down the mountainside into a canyon above, hitting the two cities with a wall of mud and water 30 feet high at an estimated speed of 248 mph. No one had had a chance to get out. Conservative estimates of the number of dead? — 20,000-24,000 in Jungay, and 5,000-7,000 in Rhanrhica. The exact number will never be known because the last census taken in Peru was in 1959. Hauraz, where the dead (based on the survivors and the '59 census) was estimated at 2,500 three

Continued on next page

days after the earthquake, revealed 9,600 bodies ten days later. Hauraz was 90-95 destroyed, the adobe buildings collapsing under the force of the shock waves created by the quake, whose epicenter was 150 miles to the west in the Pacific Ocean.

The President pointed out Anta, where an airstrip had just been built by U.S. Army engineers. The only access to the damage area, which was 300 miles north of Lima, was by air. U.S. C-130's and C-124's, French C-160's, Argentine F-27's, Canadian Caribous and Peruvian, Ecuadorian, Chilean and Brazilian C-47's were flying hundreds of tons of food, clothing, sanitation and medical supplies into the damaged areas, and either air-dropping or offloading it at Anta, where it was being transferred by helicopter to more isolated areas. He told us that

during the past ten days, at least 150 critically injured were waiting beside the runway at Anta, to be flown to the nearest medical center at Lima.

Lima's hospitals had soon been filled to overflowing, and surgical teams were operating in soccer stadiums. Later the planes would transport thousands of homeless to Lima to large tent cities established near Jorge Chaves International Airport. Sixty nations were actively participating in the relief effort. Considering the magnitude of the disaster and its remote location, the General said that they felt they had the situation under adequate control.

All of us had noted a shaded, rhomboid-shaped area on a large map of north central Peru that hung on the wall at the head of the table. General Constantini referred to locations in Huaylas Valley

and along the coast, where most of the damage had occurred. Two Andean mountain chains bordered Huaylas Valley, the lower one on the west called the Cordillera Negra, and a higher one on the east called the Cordillera Blanca with elevations of 21,000 plus feet in the higher range. The shaded area was to the east of the Cordillera Blanca. It was bounded on the east by a large river, the Marañon, one of the main headwaters of the Amazon River. The shaded area appeared to be about 60 miles wide by 150 miles long. In the area were pinned 15 small flags — 14 smaller yellow flags and one larger red flag, marking a town called Sihaus in the north central part of the area.

The general talked for almost an hour with no mention of our role. He asked us to join in a toast to world peace and

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

about

PARACHUTE MEDICAL RESCUE SERVICE (PMRS)

Q. What is PMRS?

A. Chiefly brave men and a state of mind. Many are military and sports parachutists, mostly Vietnam veterans, including doctors or medics trained by the Special Forces (Green Berets) — the hard core, the bravest and best, survivors of what John F. Kennedy was pleased to call the "New Breed", tough, experienced and superbly trained, not only in the arts of parachuting and survival, but also prepared and committed to go anywhere and take any risk to bring assistance to victims of flood, hurricane, earthquake and fire.

Q. What is the need for PMRS?

A. When disaster strikes, roads, bridges and all means of transport commonly go out; also disruptions of water supplies and sanitary arrangements add the spectre of cholera, dysentery and plague to the misfortunes of the people. To be of any use, medical help must come fast and cannot wait for laborious rebuilding of roads, bridges and airfields. In many countries the only means of access to the "back country" even in good times is by laboriously hiking in. So we short-circuit the constraints of time and space, take the risk of a broken leg or back, and go in by parachute. Of course it's tough, dangerous work. When the going gets tough, the tough get going.

Q. Is this a duplication of other disaster relief services?

A. No. When disaster strikes, there is plenty to be done by everyone. The Salvation Army and the other disaster relief organizations perform splendidly in the places that they can get to, which is mainly the big cities and the areas around the big cities. But the back country — and in many countries it is surprisingly densely populated — is now far too often tragically left without any help.

Q. What has PMRS accomplished?

A. Under predecessor organizations, members of PMRS, including five members of **SOLDIER OF FORTUNE**'s staff have parachuted into the towering Andes of Peru and the steaming jungles of Honduras, bringing emergency medical care to needy victims of earthquake, flood and

hurricane. Not only does this bring aid to the immediate sufferers, but also it helps to build the bridges of friendship, on a private, person-to-person basis, between diverse peoples.

Q. Why is **SOLDIER OF FORTUNE** sponsoring PMRS?

A. First, because the editors of **SOLDIER OF FORTUNE** themselves, as men of action and adventure, are personally committed to PMRS and its goals. Second, because we believe that the Professional Adventurer for whom the magazine is written is basically not a "hired gun", but one who thrives on high adventure, believes in taking risks and undergoing hardships for a worthy cause and receives satisfaction from doing well what most men would fear even to attempt.

Q. What does PMRS have to offer its volunteers?

A. No money, scant recognition by the outside world, hardship and danger in uncomfortable, primitive places where the tourists — for good reason — don't go; hard work and bad food; also the fellowship of brave men — and women — in action and danger, a chance to go to odd corners of the world, the satisfaction of having struck a blow for a worthy cause, and taken on and done a job that only a very few would even consider trying.

Q. Am I ready to sign up as a PMRS volunteer?

A. Only you know the answer to that. If you are willing, nay, dedicated, AND qualified, we need you and can use you. Between disasters we train together — and sometimes tell a war story or two. Get in touch. (By the way, contributions of money, aircraft time, parachute and survival gear, medical supplies and so on, are welcome.)

Q. What is the status of PMRS?

A. Members of the PMRS executive board will hold an organizational meeting in August. Application forms and minutes of the organizational meeting will be forwarded to all interested parties. A permanent roster of volunteers will be maintained at PMRS headquarters, presently located at the **SOLDIER OF FORTUNE** executive offices. Address all correspondence to PMRS c/o **SOLDIER OF FORTUNE**, Box 582, Arvada, CO 80001.

friendship, with still no mention of why we'd been asked to come to Peru. Ten minutes later we would find out.

All talk ceased as President Velasco got to his feet, accompanied by a distinguished-looking gentleman in civilian clothes (Peru's President and Cabinet are all military personnel), who was one of the world's leading seismologists. The seismologist moved a silver pointer into the rhomboid-shaped area on the map.

"This area has become somewhat of a problem to us," he was saying, "As you see, it lies to the east of the Cordillera Blanca, and as you know, most of the damage we know about occurred to the west of this range. We don't, or didn't until today, know what had happened to the east here. There has been disagreement among the experts, the seismologists in this room included, as to what might have happened. Half of us think that the damage is probably less in this area, as we feel that the Andes would have dampened out the shock waves of the quake. Others feel the Andes could have acted like a large sounding board, and therefore could have intensified the shock waves, causing even more extensive damages here than on the west side."

"About 150-200,000 people are believed to inhabit this area. As you can see, it is geographically isolated from the rest of the country. Prior to the quake, there were two roads into the area — one from the northwest and one from the south. Both have been totally destroyed. There was also a railroad. It, too, is gone. The lowest pass into this area is 13,500 feet high. The density altitude is quite a bit higher than that, which makes helicopter operations very hazardous. Until today, we had no communication with this area. Today, 12 days after the quake, a man has supposedly come over the mountain on foot and by horseback from the Sihaus area into the Hauylas Valley. He reported much damage there, and also, of much greater importance, he spoke of a smallpox epidemic in that area. This is a primitive, remote region. We know that many people in that area have never received smallpox vaccinations. There have never been any physicians or any other medical personnel in that region. We are most worried about the possibility of an epidemic and its spread to the west into the main damage area, and to others parts of the country. We need to know

Continued on page 56



Above: An indication of the damage wrought by the Peruvian earthquake. Over 70,000 were killed in a few hours.

Below: Colonel Cesar Villanueva, CO of the Peruvian Para-Commandos, compare jump experiences with Jerry Hemming and other team personnel at the Atr Commando School.



Underwater Knife Fighting Techniques

by
David E. Steele

Frogmen require a knife that is suitable for underwater and surface utility, for killing sea beasts, and for killing enemy frogmen and shore personnel. Because of the resistance of water combined with depth pressure the strokes used against enemy frogmen underwater should involve minimum sideways movement. Short thrusts, cuts, and backcuts seem to be the most useful moves. If possible, catch the opponent from behind and cut his throat or airhose. If struggling with him, attempt to pull off his face mask, cut his knife hand, or thrust for any other exposed target. With his airhose cut or his face mask lost he may be forced to surface quickly, risking the bends from too rapid decompression as well as leaving his back exposed to a spear or knife thrust. When thrusting from directly in front of your opponent he will probably see you move long in advance, and he will try to grab your knife wrist with his left hand. When he reaches with his left hand in this manner give it a quick back-cut to the palm or fingers (one advantage of having a two-edged knife). A single handcut can be even more disconcerting underwater than on land, since it can draw sharks.

The frogman's knife should be of spear point design similar to the standard diver's knife. It should be made of one-quarter inch stainless steel stock; it should have a micarta or metal handle. The knife should possess a single, double, or D-guard, and the back of the blade

should be sharpened at least a third of the way back from the point. The sheath should be made of plastic, rubber, specially treated leather or other waterproof material, and it should have straps for attachment to the leg. The knife should also be equipped with a waterproof wrist thong so that it is not easily lost (in my opinion, a thong is worse than useless on land, never needed and always getting in the way).

The spear point design is better adapted to underwater use than the clip point since its shape provides less resistance when entering the body of a shark or other sea creatures, and because thrusts are more effective than slashes where water pressure prevents quick sideways movement. The Arkansas Toothpick V-point design would provide the fastest penetration of all, but a utility knife which might be used as a prybar should have more strength toward the tip than the Toothpick possesses.

The Randall Model No. 16 "Diver's Knife" and the Gerber "Neptune" survival knife (a nautical version of the Mark II) are among the best choices. The Randall model is somewhat more robust with a 7-inch spear point blade of one-quarter inch stainless steel stock with a sharpened false edge. It has a single brass guard, a micarta handle, and a wrist thong. Its leather sheath is wax-impregnated to prevent rot, and it is

UNDERWATER KNIVES

Right: Special Forces Sergeants Ray Hon and Jon Carroll, demonstrate underwater knife fighting techniques. Both are using Gerber "Neptune" diving-fighting knives. In the first picture, the diver on top still has his knife in its leg sheath; the diver below grabs his right arm and pulls him forward for a thrust to the midsection.

Far right: The diver on top tries to counter the attack by grabbing his opponent's knife wrist. He will be rewarded for his effort with a slash to the upper forearm; from there, the knife man will continue his attack to the midsection.

Right: The diver on top tries to immobilize his opponent's knife wrist before he continues his attack. This is the most dangerous underwater situation, where two men face each other with equal armament. Each man will try to outflank or immobilize his opponent for a fatal thrust.

Far right: One diver has outflanked another. From this position, the diver in the rear can turn off his opponent's air valve, cut his air hose, cut his throat or thrust into his back or side.

Right: Again, coming from behind the top diver can grab his opponent's hair for leverage, then cut his throat or air hose.

Far right: Alternatively, the diver coming from behind, can rip off his opponent's mask, forcing him to the surface. If an opponent also has a knife in hand, approaching from behind may be the only safe way to rip off his mask or cut his air hose.

Right: Using an "ice pick" grip, the diver on top thrusts into the throat of his opponent, while ripping off his mask with his left hand.

Far right: Again, using an "ice pick" grip, the diver below stabs into his opponent's kidney, while keeping him off balance and away from his knife, by pulling down on his right wrist



equipped with a leg thong.

The Gerber "Neptune" has a double-edge stiletto blade of one-quarter-inch stainless steel stock. The slender 6½-inch blade has a six-inch scale engraved on it and saw teeth toward the rear of each edge. It has a double guard and a metal "armorhide" handle; the handle is painted yellow for easy visibility (a diver must know where his knife is at all times: a cut from a sharp knife underwater can

bleed without pain, giving the diver no signal that he must surface immediately). The leather sheath is tallow-impregnated and is provided with two leg attachments (the Randall loops onto the belt and ties down to the leg; the Gerber attaches to the calf).

Gene Strong a professional diver with a Bio/Med background from Morgan City, Louisiana, wrote the following comments on the use of knives underwater:



The Randall and Gerber diving knives. Both use leather sheaths, water-proofed with wax or tallow. The Randall has a spearpoint 7-inch 440C blade, brass quillon and micarta handle with nylon thong; it is designed to be worn on the belt and tied down to the thigh. The

Gerber "Neptune" has a double-edged stainless blade with serrations for cutting rope; the handle is slip-proof aluminum with a leather thong. The Gerber sheath has two rubber straps for attachment to the calf.



A well-worn Gerber diving fighting knife in its leg sheath, shown attached to a Green

Beret diver in his wet suit. Another Gerber is demonstrated by the diver for comparison.

"Due to the density of water, the 'slash' is slowed down to a 'pass' and a pass will not cut very deeply, especially on a swimmer wearing a ¼ in. wet suit. Jerking a big heavy knife around underwater drags your body right behind it. It must be forced along to its objective with brute force, slowly and gracelessly, during the working dive. Visibility is usually between one inch and three feet. Virtually all but pure sport water diving is done in saltwater; non-corrosive metal will lose its finish and edge in a very short while. A knife of anything but stainless steel blade which can be sharpened in a few minutes with a soft pocket stone. I personally carry a Kabar rigging knife which will hold an edge sharp enough to part a ½ inch rope in one easy slice after a full day of use. The common SCUBA knife which resembles a cut-down leaf spring, for sale in most sport shops, is of no value to anyone."

SSG Jon Carroll, a graduate of the Special Forces Underwater Diving School, claims that it really doesn't make much difference if you execute a stab, thrust or a pass underwater. He feels that the resistance provided by water is not that significant and that it is difficult to remove an opponent's air hose, face mask or cut his air hose, unless you can approach him from the rear.

Certainly, it would be more desirable to have available a band-stick, shark-dart or spear gun, to engage an opponent underwater. In most cases, these devices, however, are limited to one shot.

The ultimate in underwater weaponry may well be a new ballistic underwater weapon system produced by the Angewandte Ingenieur — Wissenschaften (AIW) of Neckarsulm, Germany. Still in the development stage, it is described as a multi-capacity, semi-automatic, hand-held weapon, that fires hydro-dynamically stabilized, rocket assisted, explosive projectiles contained in disposable barrels.

Designated the BUW-2, it is the size of an ordinary handgun and weighs a little over 12 ounces when loaded. It exceeds most spearguns in range and the four rounds can be fired within one second. A signal and distress cartridge can also be fired from the same launcher.

The weapon's lethal capability and reliability have been proven in waters around South Africa and Mozambique. Unfortunately, the manufacturer fails to indicate the nature of the targets. Although primarily intended for self defense against sharks, etc., the BUW-2 could also be used against opposing forgmans. The BUW is expected to reach the market this year.



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Flying F4

A U.S. Air Force Pilot Shifts His Gunsights From Indochina To The Middle East

Paraphrasing the old television disclaimer of *Dragnet*, let me start this tale by stating that the people and events contained herein are real, but the names have been changed to protect the author and the subject. Maybe I should qualify even that statement somewhat. The majority of the events are a matter of record. Some, however, are more in the nature of unverifiable rumors. But, knowing the subject of this piece as well as I do, I assure you the rumor portions have a ring of exceptionally high probability.

The subject of the work is "Major Noel Arsinoff" of the Israeli Air Force, formerly a captain in the United States Air Force. Arsinoff graduated from the United States Air Force Academy on 3 June 1964. (It is a matter of record that the Class of 64 is the most decorated to have graduated from that relatively new military academy . . . its combat record will stand up against its Navy and Army counterparts with the exception of the number killed in action.) He went directly to pilot training and graduated high enough to get an assignment to the backseat of the F4C Phantom II fighter.

One has to realize that in 1965, the year Noel graduated from pilot training, the F4 was a "new" aircraft in the Air Force inventory. The philosophy of manning at the time held that it took two pilots to effectively fly the machine. The back-seater was really an apprentice fighter pilot, learning by experience and on-the-job-training how to fly that sophisticated piece of equipment. Of course, most of the back-seaters (commonly called GIBS — Guy In the Back Seat) believed otherwise . . . a set of beliefs that events have subsequently justified 2nd

Lieutenants straight out of pilot training now go directly into the front seat and are crewed with young navigators who are also straight out of navigation school. On the other hand, the whole business was possibly — one could even say probably — a bureaucratic ploy on the part of higher headquarters and the Department of Defense to make sure that the Air Force would have sufficient pilots to offset attrition in the coming unpleasantness over North Vietnam.

In any case, the then 1st Lieutenant Arsinoff eventually ended up at Danang Air Base, in the back-seat of a Phantom. Not much distinguished Lt. Arsinoff during his Danang tour — not so much

because he didn't do anything outstanding, but rather because GIBS lived in the reflected glory of their front-seaters. Arsinoff flew his 100 missions North plus some 50 plus "other" missions: close air support in the South and an occasional armed reconnaissance mission into Laos.

Arsinoff returned to the U.S. for front seat upgrading, and it was here that he started to show himself a little bit out of the ordinary. He volunteered to fly a



Phantoms For The U.S. And Israel

by
Primus Aeronauticus



second 100 missions over the North. It was a case of where many called, few were chosen. The Air Force seemed reluctant in those early days of 1967 to allow pilots back for a second tour in the "high risk area" of North Vietnam. (This is unverifiable by the author, but it is rumored that less than 20 Air Force pilots, prior to 1972, successfully completed 200 missions North. It is further rumored that Lt. Karl Richter, class of '64, a hero from the days when public

opinion allowed hero status to those fighting in Vietnam, although shot down and killed on official mission No. 198 was actually on his 207th mission over the North.) Arsinoff returned to SEA, this time to Ubon Air Base, Thailand in early June of 1967. He was at first one of two, and then later three, members of the same class in the same squadron attempting 200 North. He, along with the other two, made it. Of course, the sample is limited, but based on a comparison of loss-rates of those trying twice versus those trying once, there is something to be said for allowing the experienced pilots to keep flying versus trying to spread the experience around . . . a

lesson also supposedly learned by junior officers in the Army, particularly in the combat units.

It wasn't so much the flying of Lt. Arsinoff that earned him his reputation at Ubon so much as his other, somewhat unorthodox activities. Back when he was a cadet at the Academy, he had given up summer leave in order to attend jump school at Fort Benning. Somehow, he had continued his jumping until he earned his instructor rating.

One night he was standing at the bar in the Ubon officers club indulging in the usual post-flying activity of Air Force combat pilots. Also present that evening were the local police chief, the Thai Border Patrol Police (BPP) commander, and a few U.S. Army types from the provincial advisor headquarters. The Thais, showing their great sensitivity to things cross-cultural, were busy learning the various dice games through which Air Force officers stand each other to libations. The BPP commander looked at Lt. Arsinoff's jump wings and made the off-hand remark that Thailand needed airborne troops to fight the insurgents who, then and now, were plaguing Thailand. Arsinoff asked if the Thai official was serious, and upon learning that the official was indeed serious, said, in rudimentary Thai, "I shall build you a jump school." Which he did.

Arsinoff found two or three other young crazies who doubled as fighter jocks and two personal equipment men with the required experience. The BPP commander used his pull and arranged for labor, and jointly, they scrounged wood and other materials. Somehow (no one knows how), airlift for the latter stages of the school was arranged. The jump towers were built, parachutes were procured. Within the month, the airborne school commenced operations. Before Arsinoff left Thailand, he and his instructors had trained three full battalions of BPP, one battalion of Thai army, and created three special HALO (High Altitude, Low Opening) teams for unconventional warfare and propaganda missions. Arsinoff made most of the

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what happened, and what is now happening there, if there is much damage, and if there is indeed a smallpox epidemic. We need a team to initiate medical aid and to start vaccinating people immediately to try to stop, or at least slow down, the spread of this deadly disease."

"There are no airfields in that area, and as I said before, it would be a hazardous helicopter operation. It is also beyond helicopter range at this time. Fuel is being staged toward that area, in the event that it becomes mandatory that helicopters be used. We had planned on using your team in the main damage area, dropping you into small villages that are completely cut off and are not accessible by helicopter or groundbased teams. But this new development precludes all other plans. We are now asking you, if it is at all possible, to parachute into this area east of the Cordillera Blanca with radios and medical equipment, to inform the Peruvian government as to what has and is happening and, if you deem it necessary, to initiate medical and other aid."

"We will try to supply you with any equipment and support you need. We must warn you that, this being midwinter, weather might become a serious problem. Also, there are no reasonably good maps of that area available, and that fact, coupled with bad weather, might make it difficult to even find you to supply you. As you can see here on this U.S. Operational Air Navigation Map, your area of operation is in a largely unmapped area."

We all stared silently at a large, white, perfectly bland area on the map, across which was boldly printed the words, "Topographical Data Incomplete."

"I might add that this is also an area of erratic compass operation," he said. "We are well aware of the high risks involved in this operation and we would understand if you thought it would be too hazardous. If you decided against this operation, we would use you in the manner originally intended. We would now welcome your questions, comments and advice."

Jerry Hemming, a soldier of fortune who had been involved in innumerable escapades in the Caribbean, got to his feet and, in fluent Spanish, asked the first

question: "If we do go in, and helicopter operations are found to be impossible, how do we get out?" — a good question, one all of us had been thinking about.

An army general stood up and walked over to a map. "Only two possible ways," he said, "climb over the Andes in the middle of the winter, or follow the Marañon down to the Amazon to Iquitos."

"How far from our area to Iquitos?" one of our group asked.

"Seven hundred miles," was the reply.

Seven-hundred miles through some of the most primitive and remote areas in the world, down a river infested with piranhas, and through jungles inhabited by possibly hostile Indians. Bob Johnson, a dare devil skydiver from Tennessee, muttered something about always having wanted to see a piranha. A day later he would be bitten by a rabid dog and would spend the rest of his stay in Lima getting the Pasteur treatment for rabies.

There would be other casualties. Dr. Lockward, the only other physician member of the team, would develop pneumonia in his one remaining lung (the other having been lost to an argument with a .38 caliber bullet a few years before). He would be flown back to the U.S.A. two days later. Art Dodd, our aviation coordinator, a former parachutist, and now a pilot with Flying Tiger Airlines, would get a steel splinter in his eye, thrown up by the rotowash of a helicopter. He had been helping to offload an 11 year old girl, whose foot had been eaten off by rats while she lay trapped under the rubble that had been her home. Robert Coughlin, a veteran combat parachutist, would be temporarily disabled as a result of a low level jump off a narrow plateau on a cliff high above the Marañon River. He landed in a pile of boulders, which demolished his helmet, causing a cerebral concussion and a badly sprained ankle. Two days later, he would walk and ride horseback 40 miles over a 15,000 foot mountain pass on a narrow goat trail which clung to the mountainside, to join the rest of the team in Sihaus (where he was supposed to have been dropped in the first place, but through a minor navigational error, would be dropped on the wrong side of a 15,000 foot spur, 40 miles off course). Another volunteer would hemorrhage from a stomach ulcer he had "forgotten" to tell us about, which would be the reason why we would eventually be extracted by chopper.

President Velasco was on his feet. He was asking about whether we would need some time to make our decision.

Hemming glanced around the table at the eleven men who had come to Peru with him. He got up and said, "Mr. President, most of the men here were

well aware of the possibly hazardous nature of this operation before we left home. It's what we came down here for. I think that I am speaking for all of the team when I say we are honored to be at your country's disposal. We'll only be doing what I think most of the men in this room would do if they had had the necessary training and experience."

The President answered, "Peru will always be in your debt. I speak for all the people of Peru, especially the Dam-nificados (victims of the earthquake) when I say 'thank you'." He added, "How much time will you need to get ready?"

Hemming said, "Two days. We have a second 12-man team arriving here day after tomorrow. Because of the hazardous nature of this operation, I feel it best that we use only the most experienced parachutists from both teams. We brought most of our own parachute gear with us, but we will need the necessary medical supplies."

The President continued, "You shall have everything you need. General Constantini will see to it. Now it is late and I know your flight to Peru was long and tiring. Major Rodriguez will escort you to Hospital Obero, where you will find the rooms and food that have been prepared for you. We shall again meet in the early AM, at which time we can gather all your necessary equipment, and further provide you with any other available information about your operational area. Good night, gentlemen."

The following morning, we were up at the first light. Hemming split us into three groups. Four of us would go to the Palace for the meeting with Velasco's Cabinet. George Speakman would go to the Paracommando School, to get with the Peruvian Army parachute riggers and arrange for the team to go through their jump school that afternoon. Some of the men hadn't jumped recently and a little refresher course wouldn't hurt anyone. The rest would stay at the hospital, break out all of the gear, inspect each item, then begin putting gear together. Ten men would make the initial jumps with four men acting as backup. The rest of the two teams would act as support, insuring that we obtained overflights and any necessary equipment or other supplies the team on the ground might request. They would also, hopefully, work out an alternate means of extraction besides walking out, either by helicopter, or by STOL aircraft.

At noon, all the team members met back at Hospital Obero for lunch. The gear was ready. Each man would carry three days food and water besides regular cold weather mountain survival gear, plus jungle survival gear. Speakmen had all the chutes repacked and expressed much respect for the Peruvian Paracommando Riggers. He informed us that the entire team was welcome to use

the Paracommandos' Jump School facilities that afternoon. Hemming had gotten the necessary permission for medical supplies, jump aircraft, etc. He expressed some dismay at the lack of topographical information of our area, as he had been given maps which were next to worthless. We would soon see 15-17,000 foot mountains not on any of our maps.

The delays began. We had wanted to use U.S. C-130's as jump aircraft, and the crews manning them were more than willing to take us. But the American ambassador grumped that, "If we provide you with planes, we'll be responsible for getting you out. Request denied."

The Argentines offered us the use of their F-27's, but that day they lost one on a supply drop in a narrow canyon. All of the crew were killed. The next day they took three of us over the Andes to the general area we would be jumping into. We assisted them in making some bundle drops, surveyed the area, and picked out possible drop zones to be used on the following days' jumps. The following day we found out that, due to the loss of their sister-ship, the crew had been ordered to keep their air speed much higher than the speeds required by our military surplus, unmodified T-10 parachutes. All our jumps would be static line jumps. As a last resort, we opted for old Peruvian Air Force C-47's, whose pilots had never flown in our operational area because of lack of maps, its remoteness, absence of emergency airstrips and the single engine capacity of their aircraft.

We continually kicked around the problems we might face on the other side of the Andes. What about over-flights? What about the possibility of one of our people being seriously injured on the drop? What about extraction? How would the T-10 function at 12-14,000 foot elevations? (All of us were now wishing we had brought our own chutes. We had been told to leave them home, as they would be provided.)

We drove out to the Peruvian Paracommando Jump School, which was modern and well-equipped. We were met by Col. Cesar Villanueva, commander of the Paracommando Force. Half of the team had no military airborne training, so we went through the whole procedure: standing up, hooking up, moving to the door, standing in the door, proper exit procedures plus the feeling of the opening snap of the military chute. Sport chutes are contained in a sleeve which allows a slower progressive opening of the canopy, not the sudden opening of a military chute which has no sleeve. So, in military jumping, you jump with your chin tucking hard on your chest, your arms at your sides clutching your reserve, your legs together and staring at the horizon. You would like to be in an upright position when the chute opens,

not in the flat, stable position of sport jumping.

Of course, we had our one-in-every-group-type, who leaped out of the tower, arms akimbo, yelling 'Geronimo.' Our man came to a sudden stop at the end of his risers, which were attached to the cable. His right riser smacked him alongside the head, knocking his helmet over and about 30 feet away, causing his mouth to automatically close, biting off a small portion of his tongue and causing his rather sudden loss of consciousness. The rest of the afternoon was noted for 'silent' jumps.

In the evening, we went over and over jump techniques, both for normal openings and for emergency reserve procedures, in case of malfunctions. Medical and emergency surgical procedures were also reviewed along with types of diseases and the jungle survival techniques necessary.

We were joined by Major Brown and his team, who spent a full day, being briefed by the first team, and also going through the Paracommando Jump School. The same day, three of us flew with the Argentines for our first close-up view of the damage in Huaylas Canyon, the 22,000 foot snow-covered Andes and our proposed drop zones east of the Cordillera Blanca, near Sihaus.

The Paracommandos are Peru's military elite — tough, well-trained and well-disciplined. We learned from them that a paratroop of doctors and nurses (sport jumpers from Lima, who had done all of their previous jumping at sea level) had been made near Hauraz, the largest city in the damage area, three days after the earthquake. More than half had been seriously injured and there was a rumor that six had been killed. The reason that we had been called was becoming clearer to us, with each passing day.

We noted one important thing. By noon the clouds had built up on the east and presented a solid overcast for many miles. There would be no instrument flying in this area with its unmapped 17,000 foot mountains. Unless you got out before the buildup became solid or until it closed the passes, you would have to stay under the overcast, or you would have to head further east and climb out over the jungle, where we knew there were no mountains. Then, it became a problem of whether you had enough fuel to get back to Lima.

The other problem was losing an engine in the old C-47. The absolute single engine ceiling of the C-47 was below that of the lowest pass out of the Andes. This meant forced landing in one of Peru's most remote regions. Those of us used to parachuting, were not that concerned. But, we found our Peruvian flight crews were more than a little worried, and with apparent good reason.

Three of us aboard the F-27 that day, kicked out bundles of canned food and

clothing wrapped in blankets (cargo chutes had long since been used up). We kicked out the 150-200 lb. bundles over two villages that seemed hardest hit. It was hard work and we became extremely short of breath. The jump terrain looked bad throughout the whole area. The villages were at the bottom of narrow canyons bordered by 50-70 degree slopes.

The overcast was building fast. It was time to head back to Lima. We hadn't accomplished a lot. We didn't know exactly where we were or where we had been. We snuck over a narrow 16,000 foot pass, then headed southwest along the Cordillera Blanca, 300 miles back to Lima. The cloud build-up along the Andes was solid and extended for many miles to the east. All of us were thinking that it would be no use trying to climb back over this range at this time of year. The prospect of going down the Marañon wasn't too appealing either.

Back in Lima that afternoon, the members of both teams got together for a final briefing and for the selection of the ten men who would make the initial jumps. We decided to use two four-man teams and a third two-man team. The first team would be dropped into or near Sihaus in the northern part of the shaded zone. The plane would then orbit for 15-20 minutes, allowing the men on the ground to quickly assess the damage and check out the rumored smallpox epidemic. They would radio their findings back to the orbiting aircraft, which would then fly south 60 miles, near Pomabamba, and the procedure would be repeated. Jim Moore and I, who would comprise the third team, would stay aboard the aircraft during both jumps. Each member of the first two teams would carry two smoke grenades, a red (for injury) and a yellow (for OK). If we saw no smoke, we would assume that the jumper was unconscious or too seriously injured to make smoke. In the event of red or no smoke, Moore, an ex-Navy surgical technician and air-sea rescue jumper, and I, would jump with a small but adequate field surgical kit. If everything was OK on both jumps, we would jump into the area that we could best be used in. Little did we know, that our basic plans would evaporate the next day.

The success of the operation depended on an early start in the morning. By C-47, it was an hour flight to the drop zones. We needed time over each jump area for the plane to orbit and gather information from those on the ground, and then time to get back over the Andes before the weather closed in over the passes. Another reason for an early start would be that our jumps would be safer earlier in the day, due to winds coming up about 10:30 AM to 1:00 PM, and building steadily throughout the day. Moore and I were more concerned than the rest of the jumpers, as we would be the last two

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join the fight for hunter's rights

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Safari Club International

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going out, jumping non-steerable parachutes at the mercy of the winds.

At the end of our evening session, Speakman had all of us individually go through malfunction and reserve chute deployment again. After a quick last check of equipment, all of us went to bed early. We would be getting up at 4 AM, and hopefully be on our way north by 5:30 AM.

Everyone was up by 4 AM. Most of us had had a little trouble sleeping that night. A breakfast of steak, eggs, and the ever-present hard rolls and espresso coffee was ready when we got to the hospital dining room. I noted that the men designated to jump weren't quite as loud as they had been on the previous days. This morning, there was talk only of what kind of weather we could expect and speculation as to what we might expect on the ground. Breakfast over, the men gathered up all of the equipment to be used, and headed downstairs to a waiting Army transport.

It was 4:30 AM, and the large city of Lima was deserted. We arrived at the airport at 5 AM, and offloaded our gear at the air force compound. We found our C-47 crewless. It seemed that they were having difficulty finding a volunteer crew. 5:30, 6:30, finally 7:30 AM, and still no crew. By this time, Hemming and Brown had been to the Palace, where they had been assured and reassured that a crew was on its way. At 7:35 AM, the flight crew showed up. We still had to brief them about our operation and what we expected of them as to jump runs, orbiting, etc. At 7:55 AM, we started taxiing to the runway, only to be stopped by the sound of sirens as two fire engines flashed by us. A Canadian Caribou had damaged her landing gear taking off out of Anta shortly before, and was now coming in to land. We watched as the crippled bird touched down, its pilot skillfully keeping the weight off of the bad gear. Then, as the air speed slowed, the landing gear touched down, folded up and the plane went careening off the right side of the runway in a cloud of dust. Our uneasiness began to mount. Ten minutes went by; the runway was cleared of debris and we were cleared for takeoff. Time was 8:30 AM, we were rolling and finally airborne, headed north along the Pacific coast.

The door on a C-47 is removed before take-off in a jump operation, and as we climbed through 10,000 feet and finally to 22,000 feet, it became colder and colder. As we had come through 10,000 feet, one of the crewmen handed each of us an individual plastic tube that ran back to a large oxygen container in the rear of the aircraft. Each of us would periodically suck on our little tube for the next few hours.

As we approached the Cordillera Blanca at 22,000 feet, we noted the clouds already spilling over on the western side

of the range. We would have to fly along the range, find the right pass and go through under the overcast. The pilot flew farther north than most of us thought he should, and then suddenly banked to the right. We found ourselves under a solid overcast, flying down a long narrow curving pass that opened into a wider valley, down the middle of which ran a small river.

Fifteen of us began putting on our jump gear — the fourteen men who would be jumping and George Speakman, the jump-master. Speakman, Hemming and Brown checked out each man, making sure the harnesses and chutes were properly secured, making sure that the quick release capewells on our shoulders functioned well and were fastened properly, and seeing that the small bungee cord which normally ties down the ripcord handle on the reserve for safety reasons, was now released.

We noted Speakman checking the knife strapped to his lower leg and the carabiner he would have to fasten, in the event that any of us got hung up on our static line. (The break cord which attaches your static line to the container and to the apex of your chute, keeps your container closed before the jump is supposed to break after you leave the aircraft. The container is then opened, and the parachute is pulled out of the container.) In the unlikely event that that doesn't happen, you might find yourself being towed alongside the airplane at the end of your static line. If conscious, you put your hands on top of your head, and the jumpmaster then cuts you free, and you deploy your reserve once clear of the aircraft. If unconscious (it's impossible to pull you back into the airplane), the jump master attaches a carabiner to one of the D-rings of his reserve, and then to the static line, slides down the static line, hangs onto you, cuts you free and then pulls your reserve for you, and deploys his own chute.

The plane suddenly banked sharply to the left, and the small river we had been following became a large river 250-300 yards across. We were coming up on a large village on the plateau high above the river.

Hemming came back from the pilot's compartment. He yelled above the roar of the engines, "They say that's Sihaus below."

Our maps, admittedly poor, showed Sihaus at the bottom of a narrow Canyon along a small river. This village was 2,000 feet above a very large river, high on a narrow plateau.

Hemming was saying, "There isn't going to be time to drop a second team to the south."

Rip Bliss, ex-seal team commander in Viet Nam and Forest Service smoke jumper, who headed the second team, yelled, "Then we'll go out too. We can make our way south on foot, while

Coughlin and his team stay in this area. We'll keep you informed of conditions by radio as we move south."

Hemming and Brown looked at each other and nodded.

"OK," said Hemming, "all eight men go out here; we'll orbit as planned, and if you're OK, Peters and Moore will stay aboard, and go back to Lima with us, and then jump two to three days later, when we get better information from the two teams on the ground."

The C-47 was banking sharply to the right across the river, and heading back toward the village. We noted the overcast was suddenly lowering. Speakman readied some smoke grenades to throw out as we crossed the DZ, to check wind drift. The DZ would be a rock-strewn field north of the village.

"What do you think?" yelled Hemming, addressing both Coughlin and Bliss.

Bliss had a big smile on his face as he said, "I'd rather be out there than have to ride this damn airplane back over these mountains in this weather."

Coughlin grunted, "Yeah, it looks safer out there."

Hemming was kneeling down, talking to Speakman, who was now lying in the door, with his head out, checking the smoke he had just thrown out. He was saying, "They go if you say OK."

Speakman rolled up on his side, shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows, saying, "The wind isn't bad. It can be done, but tell them to keep away from the river."

"OK", Hemming yelled, "First team stand up — hook up." Hemming dashed toward the pilot's compartment, as Speakman and Brown quickly rechecked each man's harness, main reserve and static line, which was now hooked up to the cable overhead.

Hemming was back and saying, "He'll make one more pass over the DZ, then the run back will be hot. The lights (referring to the red and green lights beside the door) work."

The red light was now glowing. When the green light came on, it meant a hot or live jump run and that everything looked good to the pilot. Speakman was telling Hemming just what he expected of the pilot on the up-coming hot run. Hemming headed back toward the pilot's compartment, as Speakman again readied smoke grenades. Out went the smoke.

Speakman looked up and said, "Still OK."

Speakman yelled at Coughlin, "Stand in the door."

Seven men behind him closed ranks. After the green light, if they got it, Speakman still had the final say as to exactly when or if Coughlin and the three men behind him would leave the aircraft. Bliss and his three men would follow him on a second run.

"Green light," yelled Hemming to Speakman.

Speakman's arm was raised, his hand poised over Coughlin's left calf. Coughlin would only go if Speakman slapped him on the leg. Someone vomited (not an uncommon event prior to relatively tension-filled jumps such as this). No one paid any attention. Each jumper behind Coughlin now had his eyes glued to the back of the man in front of him. If he moved, you moved. Everything from now on would be almost automatic for them; no time to think; no time to back out; just move. The man in front of you moved forward to the door, then turned and stepped out into nothingness; easy as you please. Easy? — Hell!

Speakman's hand came down on Coughlin's leg at the same time he yelled, "Go!" Coughlin and the three men behind him were suddenly gone — four empty, slack static lines still attached to the cable, streaming out the back of the C-47 door.

Bliss had already moved to the door, his men right behind him. The plane was banking again with the red light glowing. Hemming was on his knees, talking to Speakman, who was mentioning a five degree right correction for the run back. Hemming was on his way back to the pilot's compartment with the instructions, as the plane leveled out heading back toward the DZ. The rest of us were straining, looking out of the small windows of the aircraft, trying to catch a glimpse of smoke from the DZ. You couldn't see the DZ clearly and then, "Smoke, yellow, I count three!"

At the same time Hemming yelled, "Green light!", and Speakman's hand went up again, this time above Bliss' left leg. We didn't see Speakman's hand come down, so all of us left in the plane except Speakman, were still trying to find a fourth yellow flare. We heard the word, "Go!", and then there were eight empty yellow static lines streaming out the door.

The plane was in a wide shallow bank which would not take us back over the DZ. I saw Hemming dashing back toward the pilot's compartment, from which issued many loud Spanish phrases, mostly Hemming's.

He came back toward us, lips drawn, white, and said, "He won't orbit, says we'll be lucky if we get back over the Cordillera Blanca in time to get through the pass under this stuff."

What can anyone say? The pilot was right and we were lucky — we got through just as the clouds had begun to fill the pass.

It was a long flight back. We flew west to the coast and refueled at Chimbote, where a makeshift airstrip had been bulldozed out of the desert-like earth. As we refueled, the plane was loaded with injured and homeless refugees headed south to Lima. The flight back to Lima

was uneventful. We did what we could to make the injured more comfortable. Far to our left we could see the Cordillera Blanca with clouds spilling over its entire length. All of us silently wondered about the eight men we had left on the other side. We would not know what had happened to them for a full week.

Each day for the next three days, we went back. Each day they gave us a different crew. Each day we saw different valleys with different villages, and not a sign of our men, not a sound on the radio frequency we knew they would be monitoring. Each night we went back to the Palace to see if they had had any word. Nothing. The fourth morning we got a break.

A pilot whose family was from Sihaus had heard of the smallpox rumor and volunteered to fly us there. He was sure he could find his hometown. Moore and I would jump. We were hoping that our men would eventually find their way back to Sihaus. The team that was headed south would continue to be looked for in overflights.

Again a late start, this time due to engine trouble, as our left engine was running rough. Twice we took off, and twice we turned back to land and have the engine worked on. Uneasiness was approaching marked anxiety for Moore and I, and for those who would have to come back over the Andes again at a critical time.

For the third time that morning, we were rolling down the runway and then airborne. This time the engine sounded good. We wondered how long it would last. It was clear, and as we approached the Cordillera Blanca, there appeared to be only scattered clouds. As we crossed over, they remained scattered as far as the eye could see. We were over one of the valleys that we had seen two days before, but today we flew farther east. Suddenly, there below us was Sihaus, situated on both sides of the small river, in the narrow valley which was bounded on each side by 70 degree slopes reaching heights of 14,000 feet.

The pilot would not go down into the canyon. Moore and I, at Speakman, Brown and Hemming's suggestion, would be dropped on a ridge about 3,000 feet above the town, and then make our way down into the town on foot. We would exit the aircraft at 15,000 feet, and would try to avoid the steep slopes with its many jagged rock outcroppings. I would go first, with Moore following me on a second run. I would be jumping with a drop bag containing approximately 100 pounds of medical supplies (surgical equipment, some drugs and 5,000 doses of smallpox vaccine). Once on the ground, I could request a cargo drop of identical equipment, if necessary.

The butterflies in my stomach were working overtime. Fifteen minutes before, Moore and I put on our gear, as

we felt the aircraft ascending to jump altitude. The red light flashed on, and we were given command to stand up and hook up. This would be a smoke run. Out went the smoke.

Speakman, lying in the door, shook his head as he said, "It's squirrely out there. Wind seems to go three directions at the same time."

He wanted another smoke run. Back we went toward the DZ. I was now standing beside the door, and somehow the slopes below looked steeper and the rock outcrop looked sharper each time we went over the DZ.

With the same quizzical look on his face, Speakman spoke, "What do you think? J.P., think you guys can handle it?"

I answered, "Better put me out on the next run." I glanced back at Moore. He smiled and gave me the old thumbs up sign. The plane was banking again. Now we were headed back toward the DZ.

"Green light!" The words seemed far away. "Stand in the door!" I was standing in the door, my left foot forward, my left hand holding on the left side of the open door in front of me, my right hand holding onto the handles of the drop bag, resting partially out of the door in front of me.

The unhappy thought occurred to me, as it had many times in similar situations, "What in the hell am I doing here, anyway? I felt the slap on my calf and lurched out into space. I felt the prop blast hit me, and then everything blurred for a moment. I would later find out that the pilot had added full power just as I exited, apparently assuming I had already left the aircraft. The prop blast had ripped the drop bag from my grasp. As it came to the end of the 30 foot 550 pound test nylon line, by which were attached the D-rings of my reserve harness, I felt a tug as the line ripped free of the harness. I felt a tug as the line ripped free of the harness. About that time, I felt the shock of the opening chute, and there I was — safely suspended under that beautiful, green intact canopy. There's only one feeling that beats what's found in this type of parachuting, and that's the feeling of your feet on the ground with the realization that your body has remained relatively intact and undamaged, after it's sudden contact with the ground.

But that hadn't happened yet. Knowing my chute was OK, I glanced earthward, and much to my dismay, I found myself drifting away from the ridge and over the steep slope above the town with its many jagged rock outcroppings. I thought about trying to run into town, but the changing winds discouraged that thought immediately. Then I began to realize something was wrong. I was not descending at a normal rate. In fact, I seemed to be gaining altitude. I had anticipated being in the air for about two-and-a-half minutes. I glanced at the

chronometer on my left wrist. Already one-and-a-half minutes had gone by and I was still 5-600 feet above the ridge. Apparently a strong thermal was boiling up out of the canyon below, that would keep me in the air twelve and a half minutes before I finally landed.

This was a long time to contemplate the sharp rocks below. I was drifting closer and closer to the mountain — now about 1,000 above the town and 2,000 feet below the level of the ridge. A large rock outcropping immediately below me seemed to be coming up at me faster and faster. I pulled down on the right riser with all of my strength, trying to spill air out from the opposite side of the chute, in order to propel myself away from the jagged rocks beneath me. The chute was responding, and I was moving away. The outcrop flashed by just a few feet away, while I spotted a sandy, open area at the base of the rock outcrop, and turned into the mountainside as it came up to meet me. Then, almost gently, I did a beautiful stand-up landing — right in the middle of a very large cactus plant. But it felt great. I was down, safe and intact, except for the scores of tiny holes that the cactus spines had drilled into my legs and other more sensitive parts of my body.

I don't know about drug highs, but I know that, at that moment, no one ever felt better than I did. I almost forgot to pop my yellow smoke grenade from my harness. I did so just as I heard the C-47 approaching, this time with the cargo drop they knew we would need, as they had seen me lose the drop bag after I exited the aircraft.

I watched as the beautiful old silver bird with the red and white circular insignia painted on its wings, appeared almost directly above me, bursting into view from the other side of the ridge. A dark object tumbled from the door and the white cargo chute blossomed out in the wake of the retreating aircraft. They had seen my yellow smoke, and apparently Moore was alright, as the plane made a gentle half circle and headed south.

There had been no reason for the craft to orbit, as it would be quite sometime before Moore and I could work our way down into the town. They would look for the first two teams on their way home, and contact us, hopefully the next morning on the radio as they flew over us. Neither they, nor Moore and I guessed that it would be five days before we saw them again. I watched as the cargo chute gently drifted down, landing approximately half way between me and the top of the ridge.

A group of people appeared from nowhere on the mountain above me and picked up the chute and its cargo. I thought nothing of it until I saw them heading along the mountain away from the village. That was the last time I would see the cargo. It was apparently

stolen by renegade Indians. All of our medical supplies had been contained in two packs, the one I'd lost on exiting, and the one above that was being carried off by the Indians. We would spend the next four days with no medical supplies, because the weather turned bad and stayed overcast, preventing visual contact with any aircraft that might be overflying our area. During the next four days, we would hear aircraft, but they were always a long distance away, and we were unable to initiate radio contact.

It had taken Moore and I about an hour to get down off the mountain and into town. We talked with the village heads and the local Spanish-don-type who owned most of the surrounding land. They informed us that they had about a 15-20% destruction of their town and that most of the villages in the surrounding area had less damage. By the time we arrived, two and a half weeks after the earthquake, most of the badly injured had already died. We did what we could for those injured that were still alive, with makeshift surgical equipment we scrounged from the local people.

Each day brought hundreds of new people into the village, as the word had gone out that medical help had come to Sihaus. We did what we could. The epidemic? It wasn't smallpox, but chicken pox. Many of the children had secondary infected chicken pox, which can resemble smallpox to the layman. They also had measles, typhoid and typhus in near epidemic proportions. We watched 11 children die in the first five days, from such complications of measles as pneumonia. It was frustrating, as fifty cents worth of penicillin would have saved them all.

On the fifth day, two momentous events occurred. First, Coughlin, Bliss and their men nonchalantly strolled into Sihaus within an hour of each other. Their jump had been hairy. All had landed on the plateau, with the exception of Coughlin, who had landed onto a big pile of boulders, receiving no injuries excepting a swollen ankle and a subsiding lump on his head — lucky man. They had been dropped 40 miles off-course on the wrong side of a 15,000 foot mountain range, over a town called Quiches. Then they had traded parachute and survival gear for guides and horses, as Coughlin's team headed directly over the mountain toward Sihaus, along narrow trails that clung to the mountainside above deep canyons, always in light snow, sleet or rain. Bliss' team had headed south, but after two days, saw that the damage was becoming less and less. He elected to proceed to Sihaus, as it seemed that that would be where the most medical help would be needed.

The second momentous event was that the day dawned bright and clear, as we were located by Hemming, Speakman and Brown, aboard old 363, the same C-47

that had dropped all three teams earlier in the week. They orbited while we transmitted a situation report. We requested measles, typhoid and typhus vaccines, antibiotics and a field surgical unit. They dropped us the antibiotics, smallpox vaccine and two cases of C-rations. (We had been eating maize, a local root-like vegetable and a small guinea pig-like animal for the last several days.) That evening, we shared the C-rations with those people who had been sharing their food with us; the people of Sihaus were great — helpful, friendly and appreciative.

An ominous event occurred the next day. One of the team woke up vomiting blood. He had an ulcer which he had 'forgotten' to tell us about, and now he was bleeding internally. We had no medication, anaesthetics or surgical equipment to operate with, if necessary. There was also no milk in the area, as there had been a severe drought for the past five years, and all of the cattle had either died or been eaten. We kept him as quiet as possible, and waited for the overflight. When it arrived, we requested a chopper for a medical evacuation, and if that were not possible, a drop of anaesthetics and surgical equipment. They acknowledged our transmission, dropped vaccines and antibiotics that we had requested, more rations and then headed south, back to Lima.

The next morning, they were back, informing us that Brazilian, French and Peruvian helicopter crews had volunteered to try to evacuate our man, and if possible, the rest of us, one or two at a time. Until we were extracted, we would continue to treat as many people as we could in the Sihaus area and would send two-man teams into outlying areas. In the event the choppers couldn't get us out, we would wait until our man was able to travel, then head east to the Marañon and straight to Iquitos.

The ulcer patient's condition improved, thanks to the leaves of a plant that had been brought to us by an old woman in the village. She insisted that he chew on one every two hours. Two days later, he awakened with no pain, and the bleeding had stopped.

Earlier the same morning, we heard what to us was one of the most beautiful sounds on earth, that of a helicopter in the distance. Suddenly, it appeared overhead, a Brazilian Huey. It landed in the middle of town on a soccer field next to the school. The ulcer patient was put aboard by stretcher. I talked with the pilot, who said that it was rather marginal coming over the Cordillera Blanca, but that they had just proven that it could be done. He said that the three crews had decided to send over one chopper early each morning. They would rotate — Brazilian today, French tomorrow, Peruvian the third day. This would reduce by two-thirds, the risks

each crew would be taking. They would try to evacuate one or two of us each day. U.S. helicopter crews, he told us, had wanted to help, but again 'political' consideration had entered in. In fact, one of the men at the U.S. Embassy was rumored to have said that they considered us to be 'crazy alpine tourists' involved in an impossible situation that they wanted no part of. But, this was not the attitude of the other people involved in the rescue effort, and that to the Peruvian people, we had become 'their white knights in shining armor.'

The weather held, and each day a chopper arrived in the early AM, picked up two of us and headed back over the mountain to Anta, which was another damage area. None of us who got out with them could speak highly enough of the courage and skill of the three helicopter crews. It was much hairier getting out by chopper than going in by parachute. The chopper strained many times at full power at the very peak of the ceiling, often at the verge of a stall, sneaking over each succeeding ridge. Finally, we were all out, back to Anta. Brown had waited there to meet us. We had completed our damage survey and determined that there was no smallpox epidemic. The Peruvian government could now continue to concentrate its relief effort to the west of the Cordillera

Blanca.

We headed south to Lima, this time aboard a French C-160, tired, dirty, but satisfied that what we had accomplished had been worthwhile. Each man had had his moment of truth, and had not found himself lacking the necessary 'guts' to see it through. I guess we all wonder just how we'll perform when the going gets rough, especially if life and death alternatives face us. All of us have asked the question, 'Will I hang in there or will I 'chicken out'?' No one really knows until they are actually faced with such a situation.

When we arrived back in Lima, we were given a warm and tumultuous reception by representatives from all Peruvian walks of life, from the international press, from fellow relief workers of many nations. We were driven to the Presidential Palace, where President Velasco and his Cabinet welcomed us back, thanked us warmly for our efforts and announced that we would be decorated both for valor and for compassion, for coming to the aid of the victims of the earthquake. That afternoon, a medal, created especially for the group, was awarded by the Minister of Health, General Constantini. Ironically, the American ambassador, who had done nothing for us, showed up, grinning, backslapping and posing with

us for pictures.

That evening we dined at the Country Club of Lima, with the companions and guests of the President of Peru, his Cabinet ministers and a few other high-ranking military and civilian officials. All of us, until 3 AM, U.S., Peruvian and Israeli (David Pilosof, an Israeli paratrooper and veteran of the Six Day War, was one of the members of our team), drank a few too many Pisco sours. The toasts seemed endless. I think, when the evening was over, we all felt, not Peruvian, or Israeli or North American, but merely as friends, all members of the same world, a world of friendship and peace, where with understanding, there was no need to hate or fight with one-another: one world, one people, united in a common goal — to help one another.

The next morning, we were aboard a Braniff International Air liner, as their guests, headed north to Los Angeles, California, and then home — back to the everyday problems that we had left four and a half weeks before. Maybe we had just become better people, having acquired more understanding of ourselves and many others from different parts of the world who turned out to be not so very different from ourselves.



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You (in suit) find yourself confronted by two assailants, one armed with a knife (in dark shirt). This is a life or death situation. Neither side intends to show any mercy.



Armed assailant attacks with a straight-in thrust. Use your weapon to guide thrust to the side, then move your left hand into position to grab the wrist of assailant. Concurrently, slide your right foot behind the assailant. (ALWAYS KEEP ONE MAN BETWEEN YOU AND THE OTHER.)



Grabbing assailant's wrist. (Be careful when you pull, move can be fatal!) Strong time.

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How To Defend Yourself Against



Assailant No. 2 will attack now that he has a clear approach. Use an underhand strike (with long end of magazine) to his solar plexus. Initiate this strike from your right hip and move your right foot toward him at the same time.



Bring your left hand up to block and hold his right wrist. Strike with short end of magazine to the side of his ribs.



Move attacker's arm upward to his throat. Pull toward your left, sharply pull his arm sharply down and push at his neck to help.



With your left hand, strike with short end of magazine. Practice this with a friend. This raises out his arm at the same



With assailant's arm straightened, strike forward and down with your forearm just behind his elbow, breaking it. (This will cause his knife to fall from his now useless arm.)



Pulling sharply with your left arm, strike an underhand blow to assailant's ribs. Continue pulling sharply on his arm which will now cause him to fall forward.

SURVIVAL: PART 1

by
Art Gitlin

Those Whose Hearts Are Not Pure!



away from his body and strike. Lift his arm and start to pull it up. Then, in the same motion, throw it down. Use your weapon to help drop him beside his partner.



Release his arm when you are certain he is falling. It may be wise to administer a sharp kick to assailant No. 2's head to finish the job he started.



You should at this time — LEAVE. Don't wait around. The assailants may have accomplices waiting nearby. Call the police and guide them to your handiwork.

Continued on page 71

All this does on up on the frontier. In Salisbury, sixty miles to the south, the atmosphere is, if not carnival, very pleasant, and relaxed, with an active social life, excellent food and beer, and all the other amenities of "Western Civilization." Certainly one could never confuse the ambience of this beleaguered capital with the ostentatious drabness of the un-menaced capitals of iron curtain Europe. I saw none of the aloof surliness on the faces of working people that one has come to accept as normal in Europe — East and West. Again, nothing in-spirits like a common cause.

It was encouraging to note how many "new" Rhodesians I met — those who have immigrated since U.D.I. They come from Britain and the Commonwealth, and from elsewhere (I met a couple of expatriate U.S. marines), in search of a clean frontier atmosphere, free from smog, strikes, hippies, drugs, generation gaps, pornography, street crime, and unisex. And they find it. The price is hard work, duty, and danger. Nearly every adult male, and many women, are in some branch of the security forces, regular or reserve. When you need to defend a border 1000 miles long with Rhodesia's population, there is no room for non-combatants. This is just as well, for it attracts the strong while scaring off the weak. As Burnham said, "Men who are looking for a safe thing should keep away from Africa!"

And Rhodesians are traditionally strong. The pioneers of the 90's fought hard for their land against both nature and hostile tribesmen. The legends of the Shangani and Mazoe patrols are well known, and "Southern Rhodesians" fought in both the Boer War and WWI. In WWII some 15 of Rhodesia's white population signed up for military service, and about one in ten died on duty. Only a Rhodesian team has ever made a clean sweep of the Commonwealth marksmanship championships at Bisley. (Small wonder that this nation chose a fighter pilot for its first prime minister.)

If one dismisses the parliamentary output of the United Nations Organization as little more than black racist propaganda, Rhodesia at present faces two serious long-term problems. The first is simply a shortage of manpower. (Everywhere else in the world there are too many people. In Rhodesia there are too few.) Rhodesia needs young married people with skills — engineers, technicians, agronomists, pilots, mechanics, architects, surveyors — all those who can produce and build. Such people must be tough, cheerful, and undaunted by the outpourings of the Left. They come, but they don't come fast enough. (In a revealing incident one

recent immigrant was a German — a specialist in auto maintenance and repair who brought not only his family but most of the associates in his shop. He said that since European television kept insisting that Rhodesia was such a terrible place, it must really be great. So much for media credibility.)

In the face of the steady degeneration of social, economic, and moral institutions in so much of the world today, one hears the plaintive cry, "I'd leave, but where can I go?" One answer: "If you are young, strong, skilled and unafraid — go to Rhodesia. You won't find life there without problems, but they are problems you can get your teeth into!" Among other things, the Rhodesian economic scene is strictly free enterprise, and "ya can't hardly find that kind no more."

The second long-range challenge Rhodesia faces is one of her own making. Social services provided for the Bantu have proven so effective (in marked contrast to the states to the North) that the tribal population is on a sharp rise. Despite free and effective schooling, there is still a tendency for the tribesmen to avoid it, with the result that the supply of unskilled labor is presently going to outrun the demand. This is the aspect of U.N. sanctions that is most serious. If full trade were re-opened with the rest of the world this difficulty would solve itself, and Rhodesia could proceed steadily toward the creation of a progressive, harmonious, bi-cultural society. But harmony and progress, created by white men, is exactly what the Third World cannot abide, and non-communist progress is highly offensive to both Russia and Mainland China, so sanctions will doubtless continue, despite the fact that it is blacks that they hurt most.

In the short run Rhodesia faces simple military aggression. This will not succeed without massive troop support from Russia and or Red China, and with those two at odds (for the present) that does not loom. The imminent collapse of Mozambique will increase Rhodesia's military problems by greatly extruding its defensive perimeter. An outsider might fervently wish that a joint Rhodesian and South African maneuver could be mounted to move the frontier right up to the lower Zambesi, from the Luangwa confluence to the sea. Such a move would radically shorten the frontier, protect the people of southern Mozambique from the curious administration of the Frelimo, and secure the Beira-Salisbury supply line, all in one stroke. The Turks or the Israelis would doubtless pull it off about 20 minutes after the demise of Portuguese East Africa, but that is not in the Rhodesian tradition.

At this time of writing the U.S. is still buying high-grade Rhodesian chromite under the provisions of the Byrd amendment. This amendment, however, has been shot down in the Senate and awaits action by the House. How the House acts remains to be seen, but if it supports the Senate we will be back in the Alice-in-Wonderland conditions of voluntarily putting the spigot of our industrial complex right into the hands of our enemies.

The California senator who stated his reasons for voting to boycott Rhodesian chrome was answered thus in the letters column of the Montrose Ledger:

"Thank you for your answer to my letter regarding S.1868.

"I just have not been looking at things the same way that you have.

"I see now that if a government just butchers people without regard to race, sex, creed, color, or national origin, that government is much more acceptable than one which requires her citizens to possess property before they may exercise the vote.

"I see now why we extend credit, cancel debts, rush our latest most sophisticated computers, build the world's most modern, largest truck (and tank) factory, develop oil and gas resources, build the world's largest steel complex, and ship food grains to Russia at a great financial loss to ourselves; why we are so busy building bridges to Red China so that we may trade our technology for tung oil, pig bristles, and opium.

"The world will be safe if only we can blockade out of existence that oppressive regime in Rhodesia.

"Good thinking there, Senator, and thanks for helping to straighten out my views."

That puts it well. But personally, I have what I think is another and ethically superior reason for eliminating all the embarrassing and largely ineffectual trade sanctions now in force against Rhodesia. While such sanctions should certainly be lifted in the best interests of the United States, they should more significantly be lifted because the Rhodesians, white and black, are good guys. It never has been commensurate with our national dignity to harass them, and we should damn well cease doing so forthwith.



propaganda jumps with the Thais. (Ubon Air Base is located on the Korat Plateau, one of the areas of Thailand bothered by North Vietnamese and Chinese trained insurgents. Noel's favorite trick was to throw candy to the gathering crowd as he was free-falling toward the village center. He would pop his chute at an extremely low altitude and land precisely in the center of the village common area, still distributing candy. After he and his Thai friends finished their jumps, Thai medical and security personnel would arrive and perform medical and other civic action services for the population.

Arsinoff's connection with Thai counterinsurgency was not limited to off-duty instruction and propaganda activities. He had a distressing habit (distressing to his new squadron and wing commanders) of walking into squadron operations and removing himself from the flight schedule. He would then disappear for two or three days at a time dressed in fatigues, web gear and carrying an M-16. (No one knew where that came from either.) He would return, dirty and tired. After cleaning his weapon, he would sleep for ten to twelve hours, shower, eat at the officers club, walk to the squadron, and ask to be put on that night's (or day's) flying schedule. Some BPP Thais later told the author that the good Lieutenant had personally led those that he had trained on 51 combat jumps in the northeast! By far the majority of those jumps were night jumps. (Being a "leg" myself, I don't know how difficult this is — but everytime this is mentioned to one of those who delight in jumping out of perfectly good airplanes, an impressed reaction is received.)

Noel did a few other things that deserve being mentioned in connection with the Thais. He was behind the initial construction and fund raising for an orphanage in the province. He became the unofficial liaison between the provincial governor and the base, or rather, the American community in the area. In the latter capacity he did the usual things in correcting the situation when some American had made an ass out of himself with the Thais. For example, Noel arranged the pay-offs to the local merchants when some visiting colonel had laid \$1800 worth of bad checks around the town. He also served as the official representative who expressed his personal and official regrets the time some hot ordnance fell off an aircraft, exploded, and seriously injured a number of peasants in a village near the base. Or, another example is the time — well, this has nothing to do directly with Arsinoff, but I feel it is amusing and since all good adventure and war stories

have to have some sex in them, I might as well tell it.

About January, 1968, the Peace Corps made its presence felt in the Province where Ubon is located. I, and most of those stationed there only knew one Corpsman personally — a good looking, well-built, strawberry blond, anti-war female that wandered into the officers club one night to hear English spoken. She acquired the nick-name of "The Virgin, Mary" and in short order lost her anti-war bent, becoming very hawkish and quite bloodthirsty, at least in relation to those pinko-commie North Vietnamese anti-aircraft gunners. To the best of my knowledge, however, she did not lose her nickname nor her status as a non-practitioner of the higher arts. But, she had a friend, also a good looking type. (American judgment on this point was not to be trusted, since the number of roundeyes at Ubon at this time, and who had ever been at Ubon for that matter, could be counted on one hand. Absence may make the heart grow fonder, but it definitely warps one's ability to evaluate good looks. Even the Red Cross representative at Ubon, while very definite feminine, was a fifty-ish male.) Now, this friend of "The Virgin, Mary" was involved in an incident that grew to international proportions which required

the fine hand of the by now Captain Arsinoff.

Without getting into great detail on the Thai view of sex or the relationship between the sexes, it is sufficient to suggest that a double standard still is very much in existence there, despite the efforts of the younger generation, particularly the females. The Thai governor, as is the wont of some upper class males everywhere, was a connoisseur of fine pornographic movies. At a reception for the Peace Corpsmen serving in his province, the governor had suddenly gotten very angry, and had ordered, apparently without provocation, the immediate departure from Thailand of the friend of "The Virgin, Mary." It seems as if the evening before he had acquired a newly and locally made piece of art of the blue variety. The featured stars were an Australian airman of substantial proportions and the friend of "The Virgin, Mary."

Captain Arsinoff was called in to help settle everyone's feelings, including those of highly placed, but very embarrassed, Washington officials. The girl left the country, but reportedly not the Peace Corps. (Pity we don't send Peace Corps personnel to Denmark, Sweden or San Francisco. It was reported that the film contained some very fine acting.)

Continued on next page

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That's really about all Noel did in his second SEA tour — relative to the Thais, that is. Noel received the highest award the Thais have ever given to a foreign military commoner. The award was presented by the Queen Mother at Ubon. (The decoration would be the same, but two higher "awards" exist — the next highest would be a presentation by the King in Bangkok, and the highest of the high would be a presentation by the King at the location of the individual. To the best of my knowledge, this latter award has never been presented.) The American wing commander at the time was willing to spring for, at the maximum, a Bronze Star Medal. But, since the U.S. was not committed to action against the Thai insurgents, he even balked somewhat at that. He really wanted only an Air Force Commendation Medal recommended. After all, as the Wing commander pointed out, Legions of Merit are a "Colonel's award" in the USAF. The squadron pointed out that it would be a slap in the face of Thai officialdom to give Capt. Arsinoff less than a Legion of Merit.

Stalemate was reached. The squadron thereupon waited until a change of command and resubmitted the award. Since the new wing commander had received a Legion of Merit as a Lieutenant in World War II, he was quite happy to forward the award write-up to higher headquarters for consideration. No one knew who had given permission to Arsinoff to do these things for which the award was written, but the award was approved in record time, and was to be presented to Arsinoff on reaching his new assignment. We will return to the saga of the Legion of Merit shortly.

Whereas Noel's relationship with the Thais and his own wing were excellent, he fared less well with higher authority at other places. It was these other things that led to his joining the Israelis.

First, Noel believed in fighting the war. He wanted to stay in Thailand and keep bombing the North Vietnamese — there were a few "personal" targets that he wanted to see destroyed. Their defenses — which were shared by rail yards — had taken the lives of a fair number of his friends. (Despite what Mr. McNamara told the United States Senate under oath, it was as dangerous in most cases to hit certain proscribed industrial targets near Hanoi as it was to hit the railyards servicing them. In 1967-68, the Air Force hit the railyards to stop the products from such targets from reaching North Vietnamese military units busy terrorizing the South Vietnamese civilians and fighting against ARVN and U.S. forces. The factories themselves were forbidden targets, requiring either LBJ's or McNamara's direct authorization for strikes. The difference in exposure time and risk for the aircrews, since both the railyards and

factories were fended by the same defenses, was a matter of, at most, five seconds. And, even that was avoidable with proper flight planning.)

But, it has already been related how difficult and unusual it was to get a second tour in SEA. Therefore, one can imagine the difficulty in trying for a third. It just wasn't done. Until 1972, however, the USAD had no pilot "non-volunteers" in SEA. But, if one had temporary duty there, as much of SAC did, the time wasn't counted as a tour. Therefore, it didn't matter if the individual volunteered or not. He wasn't officially there. On the other hand, if an individual requested a fighter assignment out of pilot training, or requested to upgrade to the front seat, or in general tried to get from some other type of aircraft into a fighter, he by asking to fly a fighter, volunteered for Vietnam; whether or not he wanted to go to Vietnam. It was a nice system, particularly when arguing before Congress.

Undaunted by the precedents of this War, Captain Arsinoff, late in his tour played the "Patton Gambit". (In the Poncho Villa thing way back when, the then Lt. George Patton sat outside Black Jack Pershing's office for forty continuous hours until he could speak to the General about going to Mexico. Patton went.) Arsinoff took leave, went to Washington, and sat in the Air Force Chief of Staff's outer office for almost four days. (Noel therefore beat Patton's record, but not in continuous time. Oh, yes, a slight aside. Until the early 1968 days, crews in Thailand were not allowed to have official R & R. R & R was for areas that were experiencing combat.

Despite many wings in Thailand were losing an aircrew a day, Thailand did not count as a "combat zone" for a long while. However, not being a combat zone, meant that those serving in Thailand were allowed to take their 30 days annual leave.) On the fourth day, the General was a little bit tired of seeing this young captain with a 'stach sitting in his outer office. Finally, the General said:

"Well, Captain, what is it?"

"Sir, may I ask a question?"

"Go ahead!"

"Sir, I would like permission to extend and spend a third tour in South East Asia. May I do so?"

"No! . . . Any questions?"

"No Sir."

Which just goes to prove that setting a record does not inevitably bring victory.

Noel wasn't quite finished yet. After returning to Ubon, he continued to fly his missions and search for a way to stay there for another tour. Finally, the Secretary of the Air Force stopped off for a visit. Noel arranged to be in the greeting party.

Now, imagine the scene. An airbase at war — munition-laden aircraft taking off, a Thai band playing appropriate music, assorted Colonels, aides, and U.S. and Thai dignitaries milling about. From out of the mob steps an Air Force Captain in a black flying suit, salutes smartly, and says:

"Mr. Secretary, may I ask a question?"

"Why, ah, yes . . . Captain? . . . what is it?"

"Sir, I know it's contrary to present policy, but I would like to volunteer for a third tour in SEA."



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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

"Ah, slow down Captain, so that I may understand you correctly."

"Sir, I would like to spend a third tour here even though it is contrary to present Air Force policy."

"Hmmm! Have you taken this matter up through your chain of command?"

"Yessir."

"How far did you get?"

"Ah, to the Chief of Staff sir."

"And, what did the Chief of Staff have to say?"

"Sir, he said no."

"And I must also, Captain. However, if you can find some way to get above me to either Mr. McNamara or the President, you have my permission to go ahead." Since LBJ didn't normally accept personal phone calls from the war zone from Air Force Captains, Noel was stymied. However, he wasn't quite ready to return to peace time flying yet.

Now in those days, when a pilot was close to finishing up his tour, he would get a release letter from his squadron operations officer. Since the tour was based on flying "counters" — missions over North Vietnam, and therefore a tour was variable in length of time — Personnel, although having notification of an individual's assignment, did not cut orders until they received the release letter. Noel decided that he wouldn't finish his tour. He simply kept flying counter No. 196 (96 on the second tour) over and over again. He would always log a "freebie" (mission over the then relatively tame areas of Laos or South Vietnam), while his GIB logged a counter. He simply never asked for his release letter.

Noel, who was a perfectionist anyway, kept flying old No. 196 until he got it right — 47 times or so, no one is really sure. Finally, after a total of 13 months at the base (excluding leave time), some NCO in personnel saw his folder tab one too many times. Since the folder had been there when the NCO had checked in, and he himself was "getting short", it is understandable how Noel's folder still

being there would seem a mite peculiar. Noel then flew four quick counters so that he could "finish up" his 200.

One of those last four was not exactly an average mission, if any of Noel's could be considered average. His next to the last mission was a night "armed reconnaissance" in the southern panhandle of North Vietnam. The flight of two F4s was assigned a designated route to fly looking for trucks, barges, activity in storage areas or targets of opportunity. The route for that night started to the north and east of Mu Gia Pass, ran down along a road and river combination, passed the Disappearing River (a place where a river tributary went into a large mountain cave which the North Vietnamese used for storage. The problem was, the opposite bank of the river facing the mouth of the cave was a high karst cliff. Consequently, there was practically no possible way to put a piece of ordnance into the cave mouth — although it was done at least once. The resulting explosion shook the entire mountain and the blast scorched the cliff face opposite. I've always hoped the destroyed munitions and fuel made up for the hundreds of unsuccessful attempts), and then passed three key river crossing points and known staging areas before the river reached the sea at Quan Ky.

Now, the North Vietnamese, having learned a few lessons from the experiences of the North Koreans, the Chinese, as well as on their own about air attacks at night, had built a submerged bridge at one of the crossing points, just to the west of a little place called Xuan Son. You could never see the bridge during the day, and the only way it could be located at night was if there were trucks actually on the bridge.

At the first sound of aircraft working the area, the trucks vacated the bridge. Also, due to the terrain, the bridge could only be approached from one direction — a straight 90 cross heading from the east into what amounted to a box canyon, since the river made a very sharp turn just past the bridge to the north. If that wasn't bad enough, the mean, nasty North Vietnamese had sited numerous AA guns around the area on the top of the karsts. (Which I personally don't think was a good idea since two of the three targets in the area were next to impossible to hit. After two or three passes at these targets under fire, the average frustrated pilot normally turned his attention to the gun sites and hit them. But, while we hardly ever got a gun — since we were never carrying the right ordnance to kill guns — we must have zapped quite a few gunners.

Continued on next page

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Anyhow, Noel hated that bridge. Perhaps it was displaced hatred because of what he felt for the system, or what, I don't know, but he surely wanted that bridge. I was flying his wing that night, and he had a plan. I was to fly over the target, go about seven nautical miles further on (make them think we were going someplace else), and drop two high flares, turn back around my own flares, and drop one bomb on the road, which I did. Noel, in the meantime, was flying about eight nautical miles in trail, throttled back. Hopefully, he would be over the bridge, offset and quiet, just as my flares lit, apparently going on to my target. He would have just enough light reaching that far to be able to see if anything was going on at the bridge. There was.

"Hey Two, got your flare and we got three trucks on the damn bridge. OK, I want you to flare the same place again heading west. Turn back in on my command so I can be over your first set just as you pop the second set. Press straight on up the river for the damn bridge and lay out another two flares. I'll be right behind you going in on the bridge. Just call your pickle. Copy?"

"Rog, Noel. Think it will work?"

"Hell yesss, they'll think we're still mucking around over where you are now."

So, being a good wing man, I did what my lead asked. I flared the first point and headed for the bridge. I put out my flares and pulled off to the north. Just as the flares lit, Noel came in on a straight and level pass, below the flares and below the height of the hills — which is not a smart thing to do because the gunners can see you. However, the gunners were busy hammering away at where they thought I was, since they knew from experience that no one was dumb enough to fly under the flares. Then, to compound it all, Noel fired rockets at the trucks — which was both stupid and smart.

Stupid, because rockets leave a trail at night and God and everybody knows exactly where one's aircraft is. It was smart, because if he got one of the trucks, everyone on our side would know exactly where the bridge was — like, under the damn truck.

The gunners started to depress their fire just as Noel fired his rockets. He immediately pulled straight up through the crossfire, going into the blackness above the flares and catching the gunners in their tracking change. Still and all, it's tough to come out of bright light and into the dark and going back onto instruments at the same time without suffering a loss of aircraft control. But, there were all of those pretty tracers lighting up the sky making the job easier.

What happened next is kind of difficult to describe. The truck on the south end of the bridge blew up, and an explosion rocked one of the gun positions on the

south karst — probably hit in the crossfire when the gunners depressed to get Noel. Both of the explosions were nice and big, particularly that of the truck which was undoubtedly carrying ammunition.

"Lead, want another flare?"

"Why not? The better to get the bridge with. Besides, they know we're here. I'll bomb the south end of it, between the truck and the bank. Let me take it all, ok?"

"OK. Which way you coming in and off, so I can blindside some guns?"

"Let's try and set 'em up again. Come in from the east on the flare, I'll roll in from the west, carry straight through after my pop and drop, and then break north."

"Roger. The flare will be away in 90 seconds or thereabouts. I'll hit the southern guns. Stay below 5,000 after your pass."

And that's the way it went. The flares came out, the gunners went crazy, Noel clustered three bombs on the south end of the bridge, the gunners started to track him, and I put a pod of rockets on a gun site overlooking the bridge. After all of our ordnance was expended in this manner, I dropped one more flare.

Noel never claimed the bridge, because since we couldn't see it under water, we couldn't see it down either. However, as the second of the original trucks was in the water up to within 6 inches of its top, a fair assumption can be made that the bridge was down. It wasn't a bad night actually: one truck definitely destroyed, one damaged (engine wouldn't start, being waterlogged), one gun site destroyed and two damaged, with only about 3,600 estimated rounds of AAA fired at us. The bridge got rebuilt, of course, but it was out of commission for two months or so.

Noel eventually packed up and left for a base in Florida. With him, and again nobody knows how, he took his pet monkey. He had had another such pet, but the first one accidentally hung itself when Noel was off on one of his sojourns with the Thais. This was one smart monkey. He was well-trained and well-mannered. He seemed smarter than most humans because he refused seconds on martinis. The monkey would sit at the bar for hours, quietly eating peanuts and sipping his martini. The monkey was quite popular among the pilots both at Ubon and in Florida.

After flying one day, about eight fighter pilots including Noel and the monkey (who was an honorary fighter pilot), were sitting around the officers club casual bar getting somewhat smashed in the process of relieving the tensions of peace time flying, when the base commander walked into the bar.

The base commander holds a somewhat ambiguous position in the Air Force. At an operational base, the wing

commander is the power. Most people on the flight line do not even know who the base commander is. This is not necessarily true at bases State-side where the old prerogatives of rank hold. The base commander even thinks that he has a right to be known and obeyed — which has been known to cause innumerable problems with young fighter pilots, particularly those just back from combat in SEA, or Europe or Korea. The base commander peered into the gloom and spoke:

"What in the hell is going on here? Why is that damn monkey in my bar?"

"Your bar, sir? Seems to us, sir, that we pay dues too."

"Alright, but what about that damn monkey?"

Noel reached into his flight suit pocket and pulled out a club card.

"Sir, here's his membership card, and I think if you'll check at the office, you'll find his dues are all paid up."

"Goddammit, get that monkey out of here, and all of you get out of my bar."

"Sir, that's an illegal order. You can't throw paid up members out of the club unless they are being rowdy, and no one here is."

With that, the Colonel lost his temper, grabbed Noel in order to bodily eject him from the bar. Noel was smart enough to realize that one junior captain does not punch out a bird Colonel. The monkey wasn't quite so smart, even if he was an honorary fighter pilot. The only conduct the monkey couldn't stand was to have the laying on of hands upon his master. The Colonel quickly found the monkey's teeth buried in his wrist, whereupon he yelped, let go, and stormed out of the bar. By the time the Security Police got there, the jocks had all flushed out of the bar. (Noel was nice enough to run the monkey around to the vet, so that the base commander would not have to get all those nasty shots.)

Noel ended his USAF career on a similar note. When his Legion of Merit came in, the wing commander of his wing ordered a parade to be held in Noel's honor. The Air Force isn't really big on parades, mainly because most of us have forgotten how to march. But, some people still insist upon holding the silly things on festive occasions. Still, parades are almost, but not quite, as rare as a Legion of Merit for a non-Colonel. The only catch was that Noel was ordered to get his hair cut in order to appear at his own parade. Noel, having already lined up the Israeli slot where they don't understand the direct relationship between short hair and combat effectiveness like our military does, refused to get his hair cut. The parade was held without him, and somebody handed him his Legion of Merit during out-processing.

Not too much is known about Noel's exploits in Israel. As for citizenship, the rumor went around Nellis Air Force Base

that a deal had been worked with State to allow Noel to fly for four years, and come back to the USAF to regain his commission and career where he left it. In any case, Noel took out Israeli citizenship awhile back, so it doesn't really matter.

It is known that Noel served with distinction in the 1973 war. (One other classmate also flew for Israel in the 1973 war, but he was shot down over the Golan and killed.) During the War of Attrition in 1970, Noel was a behind-the-line pilot for the Israelis. Some thought it was because of potential embarrassment to have a former USAF pilot and U.S. citizen shot down. But, other rumors have it that the Israelis, for some strange reason, despite Noel having more personal combat time than an entire squadron of Israeli pilots put together, considered Noel a "weak sister" because he wasn't good enough — by Israeli standards — at both air-to-ground gunnery and air-to-air combat. They did allow that he could fly the hell of the F4, so they put him to work teaching the basics of F4 flying. It is nice to know, however, that by 1973 he overcame the deficiencies of the USAF training system and once again earned himself the title of combat fighter pilot.

But, all is not a happy ending for Noel Arsinoff. The Israelis also move people out of combat cockpits in their early 30's so that the younger pilots can do their thing. But I'm certain this "Professional" will not be satisfied shuffling papers or simply instructing his successors. When the next go-a-round starts in the Mideast, you can bet Arsinoff will find some way to get a piece of the action.



PLUS FOR CIA . . . Continued from page 5

possibilities should be considered.

One: That Agee was a Communist agent all along, a successful penetration from the beginning. The book runs to over 600 pages and, written in almost-daily diary style, contains a wealth of information. Agee says he did considerable research after his tenure with the CIA, but no amount of research in the Biblioteca Nacional in Havana, the British Museum and other libraries is going to produce the detailed "inside" information that characterizes this book. Clearly Agee — contrary to basic intel rules — was keeping copious notes and copies of documents. Why did he do so?

Two: That Agee is playing the most dangerous game of all: that of a double agent. True he reveals CIA operations. True he reveals the names of agents (Could there really have been an agent named "Alexander Zeffer"?). But isn't it

STREET SURVIVAL . . . Continued from Page 65

In our present world society, there is an on-going war that has no cease fires, no truces and no peace in sight. The war that is referred to is the war that gets fought daily in the streets of our cities. The troops that we have chosen to fight on our side of this constant battle, are the police, and of course, the enemy are the murderers, thieves, rapists, and muggers who use violence as a standard tool of their trade. In every city of the world today, you stand a high risk of attack from one of these vermin who prey on those who don't fight back. There are very few places where you may carry a firearm to protect yourself, at least legally, so the only ones who are armed for this battle are the thugs and of course, the police, but not the victims.

The techniques that will be shown in this and future articles are not aimed at preventing damage to your attacker; instead they are aimed at keeping you alive and safe on the streets of any city — Paris, Hong Kong, New York or Tokyo. The war of the street goes on. Don't become one of the victims.

While few cities allow guns or knives to be carried for self defense, I know of no place in the world that bans the possession of a rolled-up magazine. Yet, this happens to be a very potent weapon in the hands of someone who knows how to use it. You don't have to hold a black belt (but it sure helps) to use these techniques successfully.

The first step is to tightly roll up a standard size magazine (this one would do nicely). I personally prefer to put two small pieces of tape around the rolled up magazine to prevent unrolling. The best striking surfaces of this weapon are the ends. You can use the sides, but this does

not have the same power or effect as the ends. Hold the weapon in your right hand (left, if you are left handed) with about two inches protruding from the bottom of your fist. You should practice striking a hard surface with the top end of your weapon.

The basic strikes are as follows. 1) Hold the weapon at your side, below hip level, palm toward your leg, and bring your arm up in a slightly flattened arc towards your target. The best target areas for this strike are the groin, solar plexis and ribs when you are facing your opponent straight on. If his body is faced to the side, then the ribs are the best target. 2) Hold the weapon in front of your body, palm of your hand down with your hand close to your left shoulder and move your hand in an arc towards your target. Strike with the short end of your weapon. The best areas for this strike are the side of your opponents head, his throat, and his ribs. You should also practice some straight in strikes and using this weapon as a blocking tool. When used as a blocking technique, never try to completely stop your opponents blow with it, instead you should guide his strike to the side with your weapon (see the knife block in the photos). Any questions concerning this article should be addressed to Art Gitlin, c/o this magazine.



On May 24, 0600, 1941, a black monster loomed out of the fog. It was Bismarck, the biggest battleship in the world. In just 2 minutes, the massive mighty Battle Cruiser Hood was destroyed with one broadside! Another battleship and a heavy cruiser were damaged. Could anything STOP her now? Taurus Ltd., proudly presents "The Raiders of the North," a conflict simulation game using all the ships, Tirpitz, Graf Spee, Scharnhorst, Commerce Raiders and U-Boats in this accurate, historical portrayal of the naval conflict of WW II. Every unit is there with exact strength and data, except YOU are in command! Could you change history? An authoritative battle manual, attractive play components and giant dual-board of the Atlantic Theatre, are supplied. A companion game to the "Battle of the Atlantic," Wolf pack vs. Convoy, the only area where WW II could have been won in one campaign. Each is available at \$9.95 (or both at \$17.95) postpaid. Our color catalog of Oriental Chess games and military simulations from Waterloo to the Desert Fox, D-Day, Civil War, Naval and Air conflicts, all with exact terrain, units, and authentic details, is available for \$2.00, including over 300 adult games from other companies.

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The bulk of the O.S.S. special weapons were developed by Division 19 of the National Defense Research Committee, an organization under the auspices of the Office of Scientific Research and Development. The O.S.S.R.D. was a branch of the Office of Emergency Management, which was directly under the President, and had the monumental task of coordinating and directing the nation's resources for a total war effort. Division 19, code-named the "Sandeman Club," passed through two formative stages before it became a separate NDRC Division, and from that point on, operated almost exclusively as a research agency for the O.S.S. The O.S.S. also had their own R & D Branch, but this was primarily concerned with assimilating developments by other services into O.S.S. use, issuing material lists, aiding with training and similar functions. Division 19 also did research work at their laboratory in the Congressional Country Club for other services, but the main thrust was intended to be special weapons' design for the O.S.S. Near the end of the war, Division 19 turned their laboratory facilities over to the O.S.S. R & D Branch, just in time for the O.S.S. to be disbanded and become the C.I.A. Many of the devices, weapons and pieces of equipment designed by Division 19 are still in current use with the C.I.A. (whatever agency picks up the mission of the agency which came before, also inherits a lot of the same personnel and equipment). No doubt, a goodly portion of the original O.S.S. equipment which was still in use by the C.I.A., will be turned over to the Army Special Forces, as they take over responsibility for covert operations from the currently beleaguered C.I.A.

The nature of the weapons developed spanned the whole spectrum of covert operations; there were black boxes and disguised bombs, weapons which could be fired long after the installing operative had gone (or those one could fire in person which made no sound); there were special sabotage weapons and weapons specifically designed for guerrilla war. Some were primarily designed to harass the enemy and improve the morale of the occupied country.

A good example of weapons which never killed anybody but did play a role were "Who, Me?" and "Heddy." "Who, Me?" was a very straightforward weapon designed to help the morale of the occupied Dutch, and cause loss of face to the Japanese occupation troops in the Philippines. It was an ophthalmic ointment tube filled with artificial feces (for European use against the trousers of SS officers), or with a skunky or

cadaverous odor for use against the Japanese. Issue a handful of these to street urchins and you have the occupied people laughing, and feeling better, and better able to resist. "Heddy" was simply the first artillery simulator. Everybody who ever went through basic has enjoyed playing with these, but they were originally developed as a device which would enable an O.S.S. agent to cause panic and confusion in a civilian crowd, when such cover was necessary to effect his escape. A hand grenade would do the same thing, but would, of course, be against Geneva conventions for use on civilians.

One similar idea, spawned by the using services and pursued with little success, was code name, "Fantasia," and pursued under Problem 26. Shrinks within the O.S.S., whose job it was to know such things, claimed that Japanese troops would be terrified and demoralized at the sight of a large, glowing, barking and (if possible) fire-breathing fox which would appear over their heads in battle but would disappear when fired upon. The problem was submitted to Arthur D. Little, Inc., who coordinated with the National Fireworks Co., and with MIT. A number of possible research possibilities were outlined, but by that time, the leveler heads in the O.S.S. had prevailed and the problem was terminated with a report which commented "... I trust this will serve as a critique to us in the field of pure reason."

Most devices developed by Division 19, however, were deadly serious. Many projects did not reach production and issue, but formed the basis for postwar weapons which are now "new" special weapons, or current ordnance issue. Such items as time delay pencils, concussion detonators, water purifiers, boobytrap and detonation devices, are current engineer issue.

The M33 "Mini" grenade, equipped with the M217 Impact Detonator had its beginning as Division 19, Problem No. 28. The O.S.S. had field requests from operatives in France for a grenade which would detonate when it hit. They were tired of having grenades roll off a Nazi staff car to explode harmlessly by the side of the road, or worse yet, being thrown back. The traditional services particularly the airborne forces, also expressed interest, in this, and pre-production runs were sent to Europe for testing. The troops loved them, but there were problems with pre-detonation, and there were injured personnel and worried brass. In addition, tests at Aberdeen resulted in the death of a young officer who threw the grenade up in the air (which armed it) and then caught it (which detonated it). As a result the powers-that-be decided that the grenade

as designed was not safe, and it finished the war without significant issue. It was also developed in WP version, which also did not see combat use. But the research done by Division 19 led to the "new" grenades which can be thrown with accurate ease, and detonate upon striking their target.

The detonation of an explosive or incendiary charge is a very basic requirement for any such munition, and many methods were explored by Division 19. From this basic research came a wide selection of appropriate initiating devices. These initiating devices were used in turn, on a wide array of explosive and sabotage devices. Threads of prior British research were picked up and an American version of the A-C (acetate-cellulose) delay and the chemical time pencil were refined and put into large scale production. The "Firefly" gas tank grenade was developed, and issued with telling effect on German transport during the battle of the bulge.

Virtually all of the O.S.S. explosive and sabotage devices were designed to accept such delays as mentioned above. The famous "PI" pocket incendiary, the "Limpet" mines, dust initiators, thermite well, the Bushmaster relayed-remote weapons firing devices — these and many more items of issue could be fitted with one or more of these delay mechanisms.

Some initiating devices were designed to be spontaneous, such as the "City Slicker" oil slick igniter, which was ignited by the action of the water into which it was dropped. It was also issued in a "Paul Revere" (by land or sea) model which was equipped with a time pencil for parallel use as a land incendiary. Others were designed to be set off by action on the part of the target, such as the various boobytrap devices. Some were fired by the action of radio signal, and others by the action of precision clockwork. Some, such as the concussion detonator, were initiated by the action of other nearby charges.

In certain instances, available initiating devices were further refined for special application, as the time pencil was for use on the "Bat" incendiary. This program, also called the "Adams Plan" and "X-Ray," attempted to develop an effective bat-borne incendiary. Such an incendiary device appeared feasible and was developed, but the program was dropped due to the erratic behavior of the bats.

Certain demolition devices were developed specifically for use against the enemy transport which were adapted to the particular mode of transport. Two excellent examples of such devices were the "Anerometer" which blew Nazi planes out of the air with a force greater than a direct artillery hit, yet could be easily concealed in the fuselage of the plane and detonated at a predetermined

altitude, and the "Mole," designed under the "Casey Jones" project which would derail Axis trains . . . only in a crowded alpine tunnel. The "Moles" were first installed on old wrecking and repair trains, so they too would be stacked up in alpine tunnels when they went to the rescue of the other demolished rolling stock.

Weapons which would not have the appearance of weapons or could be used in combination with locally available or improvised materials were also in demand. Under the "Camel" project, many disguised or camouflaged items were developed, such as "matchbox" cameras, explosive coal, explosive candles and the like. Some items were developed from the onset as totally disguised articles. Cases in point were "Aunt Jemima" explosive flour (eat it, bake biscuits with it, or blow up a bridge with it), and explosive fiber (knit it, weave it, wear it or put a detonator on your BVD's and blow up a plane with it). Both these latter items are still issued by appropriate agencies.

The full spectrum of clandestine-use, anti-personnel projectile weapons was also explored. Spring-launched "pistols" and silent "pentrometer" adaptations for the .45 auto were developed, as well as a full range of silenced small arms. Silencers were developed for the .30 Carbine, M3 and Thompson submachine guns, and .22 pistols. With the excellent results obtained with the .22 HDM pistol, work on other noiseless hand weapons was dropped. The silencer developed by Bell Labs for the Thompson was adapted to the M3 and put into full production. Both the .22 HDM and M3 submachine gun, with Bell Labs silencers are still in use today, along with more recent developments. Indeed, the ill-fated flight of Capt. Gary Powers brought attention to the silenced HDM, as one was in the "spy" kit with which he was captured by the Russians after they downed his U-2.

After the O.S.S. stood down and was replaced by the C.I.A., the Cold War put greater demands on the ability of the U.S. government to implement national policy by covert means. With the confusing tangle of treaties which came into being, as the great powers tried to consolidate power and align smaller nations on their side after WWII, it became more and more important to be able to do the expedient thing without drawing any fire, i.e., without "officially" mounting an operation against a party who had a treaty with a superpower, who would be obliged to risk a major confrontation with the other superpower who was engaging his ally.

Thus, the postwar period has seen myriad covert operations, economic and psychological war and only a few large scale conflagrations. Brushfire wars and

shadow-wars fought by phantom personnel have been the rule, and the technology of clandestine hardware has kept apace. In a future article we shall discuss the avant-garde developments of the past decade, as American and

Communist block scientists endeavor to adapt the most recent scientific breakthrough to the field of clandestine. R.D.



M1A, ART . . . Continued from page 41

after about 200 hours of work and 20 lbs. of melding I had a damn good facsimile of an M14 receiver. As a result of that exercise I became quite familiar with the M14.

I had worked closely with the Ft. Benning USAMTU and had become familiar with the accurizing of the M14. The gun worked quite well and obtained match accuracy groups.

When Springfield Armory started building the M1A receiver, I decided to replace my homemade one with one of these. When the S.A. receiver arrived, I was very pleased to see that with the exception of the elimination of the full-auto selector retaining block, it was identical to the U.S. M14 receiver. I transferred the parts from my homemade receiver onto theirs without problem.

Since all parts with the exception of the receiver are "genuine GI," the finished rifle is for all intents and purposes a semi-auto only M14. Its array and function are identical to a comparably equipped M14.

The S.A. receiver, is of identical quality to that of the M14. The material is the same (8620 case hardened) and it is even machined on some of the original Springfield Armory machinery. The mounting surface for the scope mount is identical to the M14 and accepts the same scope mount.

Our field tests show that we were able to achieve the same results with the M1A as with the M14, the accurized version producing minute-of-angle groups or less.

The ART, the scope Army snipers use with the M14, eliminates the problem of range estimation up to 900 meters, making all other scopes obsolete. It accomplishes this feat through the use of a "ballistic" cam which is part of the magnification ring dubbed the "power cam." This simple but unique device elevates or depresses the rear of the scope while the power is being changed, thus altering the zero of the rifle to the correct range.

The other revolutionary part of the ART is a set of horizontal stadia framing hairs that are used to frame a portion of the target.

For instance, the average man is 30"

from navel to the top of his head. Once a target is detected and identified, the shooter adjusts the power-cam until the desired portion of target is fitted between the two framing hairs of the scope's relick. Once this operation is completed, all the shooter has to do is place the regular cross hairs "dead center" and squeeze off a round. Thus, first round kills at 900 meters.

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Continued from page 11
helicopters. Where the Americans had a ratio of one killed to twenty wounded, the South Vietnamese had a ratio of one killed to four wounded, because of poor evacuation capabilities and poor medical facilities.

SOF: Joe and George, do you feel that perhaps a portion of the responsibility could be placed on the shoulders of individuals such as ourselves, who didn't write as many letters, didn't organize when we should have, to counteract the effect of anti-war movements in this country?

Joe: Yes, unfortunately, our organization was not formed in sufficient time. If we could have seen into the future, and known what was going to happen in South Vietnam, we would've mobilized our forces, and begun our movement, months in advance. At the time, myself and many other American combat veterans believed that South Vietnam would have a man-to-man battle in Saigon. But unfortunately, this was not the situation. I do not blame my counterparts for the surrender. The fault of the surrender actually lies on General Minh's shoulders for believing the Communist propaganda. Total unconditional surrender of his troops was gross negligence on his part. He was a weak man who never should have been given power. As we heard from the news media, one of the former colonels of the South Vietnamese Rangers' Division, upon the entrance of the Viet Cong and

the NVA forces into Saigon, took his .45 from his holster, and took his own life. In many eyes, this is considered to be morally wrong, but would you rather die a slow death at the hands of the North Vietnamese for defending what you believed in, or would you rather take your own life? This is something that each individual must weigh in his own conscience. I myself, would rather go down with my counterparts, than to obey the orders of a General Minh.

SOF: How do you feel about the fact that all the senators and congressmen, as well as some of the more prominent individuals in the so-called "peace movement" that opposed the war on "humanitarian grounds," have lent little support to providing a haven for the Vietnamese refugees?

George: Of course, we feel that this is blatant hypocrisy. We believe we should open our doors to any emigrant who, because of political or religious repression, desires sanctuary in the U.S.

SOF: How about Senator McGovern, who said they ought to ship 90% of the refugees back to Vietnam?

Joe: If George McGovern wants to go to South Vietnam to see what the new government would like to do with these individuals, then I say, let him be the ambassador to South Vietnam, and take the refugees back.

SOF: Do you think, Joe, though, that the communists would actually let him witness the mass-executions?

Joe: No, not at all, but I believe that if

McGovern, himself, were to go into South Vietnam (this is a little bit morbid), I'd rather see no person executed by the Viet Cong than him. He stands there and so strongly defends them; fine, then let him go to the other side; he is speaking for them here in the United States anyway.

SOF: George, any comment on McGovern.

George: I think I can only back up what Joe has said. I think McGovern just arbitrarily decided that 90% of the people that fled Communism would be better off in their own homeland. Most of those people left for a very good reason. For the most part, they were either Catholics or people who had fled the Communists in the north and did not want to live under a Communist tyranny.

Bob: How would you evaluate the significance of our reaction to the Mayaguez incident?

George: I think it was a racist reaction we were showing the rest of the world — one of our worst sides. The U.S. was willing to go balls to the wall to save 39 Americans, but we were not willing to lift a finger to save 17 million South Vietnamese, 7 million Cambodians and 3 million Laotians. I think that this was a signal we were sending to that part of the world, which we did not really intend to send, but unfortunately that they are reading very clearly, as the Indonesian foreign minister indicated just the other day.



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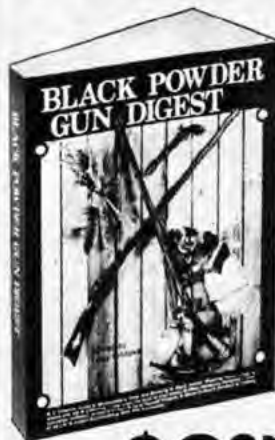
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